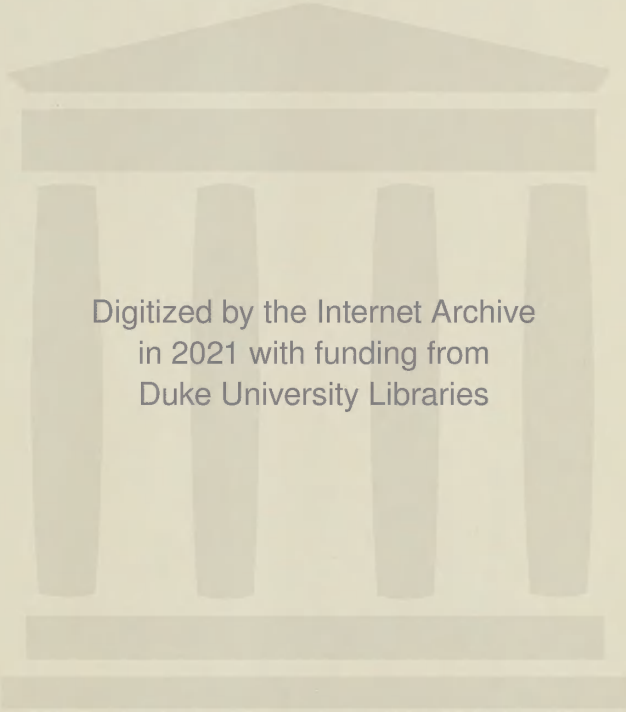




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*DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*

MANUSCRIPTS  
AND  
UNPUBLISHED VERSE AND PROSE

*Four hundred copies of  
this book have been  
printed of which this is  
No.*





The forehead veiled & the veiled throat of Death  
~~Then that beyond they real and deep see~~  
~~A self reveal and they heart beware~~

Q 9, 2 plants in 2 days that haven't the leaves  
with black mycelium wool. <sup>fully</sup>  
I know for certain that we do not know  
9, the fungus in knowledge.

~~Thurston's~~ ~~glaring~~ streams  
month like the lips of a wound

Think through this silence how when we stand  
we two shall think upon this place & day.

where all the laughter of the day break out.

An ant-sting prickly at first  
But the pain soon dies away;  
A great sting worse the next day;  
But a wasp 'tis stings the worst.

~~And~~ mad revulsion of the <sup>inexpressible light</sup> ~~carried~~ light  
His face, in Fortune's favour smiled,  
Was radiantly triumphant.

~~The bitter state of life  
where friend & foe are both stigmatised~~

~~will passant to the accumulated past  
which change & flashes by a growing space.~~

~~With wings new-fledged & valorous lusts of youth~~

# *DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*

AN ANALYTICAL LIST  
OF  
MANUSCRIPTS  
IN THE DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
WITH HITHERTO  
UNPUBLISHED VERSE AND PROSE

EDITED BY  
PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM



1931  
DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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## PREFACE

IN FEBRUARY 1930 the Duke University Library was so fortunate as to acquire a considerable collection of Dante Gabriel Rossetti manuscripts. For preparing an account of these, two methods presented themselves. One might make an 'examination' of them in the form of a *catalogue raisonné*; or one might transcribe them entire, or even make a complete facsimile of them. The latter methods would hardly be warranted by the nature of the material: some of which is clearly trivial (memoranda of this and that, of no concern even to Rossetti beyond the moment) and some is already accessible in print. The former method would on the other hand mean the omission of a great deal which might properly interest readers or students of Rossetti. It has seemed advisable, however, to effect a compromise by giving first an Analytical List of the whole contents of the collection and then reserving for a separate section the more important items of hitherto unpublished material. Moreover, in order to leave the latter section as clear and homogeneous as possible, all the bibliographical annotation and critical comment have been included in the List, together with important variant readings of the published verse. (In showing the collation the first reading is that of the print, followed by that of the manuscript; where the manuscript shows corrections the order is: print, first manuscript reading, manuscript alterations; where there is

no print the order is: final manuscript reading, followed by first and second readings. In a few cases of considerable complexity, this method had to be abandoned, but it is hoped that the explanation is clear in each instance.)

It is well known that during his lifetime Rossetti chose with particular care, in 1870 and in 1881, those poems, with their final revisions, which he desired to publish and by which he wished to be known. There might seem to be therefore a certain violation of confidence in printing after his death material which he himself withheld from the public; and here would be included not only whole poems and fragments, but also earlier variants and sketches revealing the gradual processes by which the poet achieved as nearly as he could perfect expression. In 1886, however, four years after Rossetti's death, his brother William Michael Rossetti issued two volumes of *Collected Works* which contained several inedited pieces, even small 'Versicles and Fragments.' And the act of violation (if it is such) thus begun was continued by the same authority in the *Family-Letters with a Memoir* (1895), in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December 1898, in the *Poems* of 1904, and in *The Works* of 1911; and by others elsewhere. On the one hand, then, there is the justification of honorable precedent, and on the other there is the honorable custom of scholars and literary students, who find it profitable to know all that can be known about a poet and especially valuable to search wherever and

however they may the mysterious processes of artistic creation.

It would be tempting to pursue this subject further—to study so far as our material permits the inception and growth of certain poems and the application of that careful ‘fundamental brain-work’ to problems of composition and expression as they faced Rossetti, and then to draw a few conclusions as to what (it is to be feared) many readers still fancy to be poetical ‘inspiration.’ In Rossetti’s case the parallel of painting and poetry is both obvious and easy, but it is also significant. The painter covers his canvas with little brush-stroke upon little brush-stroke; it is a mechanical as well as an inspired process. His picture is conceived and planned not only by means of thought and imagination, but also by progressive sketches section by section, detail by detail. This is no doubt often the poet’s method as well. He may sometimes conceive and compose *dans un jet*, but this is rare when the best work is to be done. And when we are fortunate enough to possess the various data which show a poem in process of growth we may be grateful for the wholesome knowledge it affords us, while at the same time we receive it with all proper reverence for the poet and for his finally achieved work. —This subject (to repeat) would be tempting to pursue further, but it must be left for a subsequent occasion.

P. F. B.

Duke University  
January 1931





## CONTENTS

An Analytical List of the Dante Gabriel Rossetti Manuscripts in the Duke University Library	3
Unpublished Verse and Prose	
Two Italian Sonnets	53
To Mary, in Summer	54
Sonnets	
Concentred Companionship	56
A Long Road, but with an End	57
One with Two Shadows	57
A Bloom in Hope's Garden	58
Fruit from Hope's Garden	59
The Steel's Temper That is Cold	60
On One Condition	61
The Blood's Winter	61
The Cloud Before the Storm	62
A Soul Singing	63
Happy and Thankful	64
The One Dark Shade	65
Threefold Homage	66
On Mary's Portrait, Which I Painted Six Years Ago	67
Four Pages from Note Book III	72
Notes for 'Soothsay'	77
Rime Words for 'God's Graal'	78
Notes for 'God's Graal'	79
Cartoon for 'Rose Mary'	97
Index	119

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Page from Note Book III	<i>frontispiece</i>
Pencil Sketch for La Pia	<i>facing page 26</i>
Threefold Homage	<i>facing page 66</i>



AN ANALYTICAL LIST OF THE  
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPTS  
IN THE DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



I. RODERICK AND ROSALBA. A small paper-covered (marbled) Note Book ( $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in.) consisting of 13 closely written pages, with almost no margin, in a small copy-book hand, becoming freer and slightly larger as it progresses. The alterations are numerous, and frequently make the first writing impossible to decipher. The original title stood: "Roderick and Rosalba. A Story of the Round Table." Chapter 1 is entitled: "The Knight—The Messenger—The Departure—The Hostelrie—The Quarrel"; Chapter 2: "The Attack—The Rescue"; Chapter 3: "The Chapel—The Pursuit—The Combat." With the manuscript is a note signed W. M. R., 1905, that Rossetti wrote this tale in 1840 and "afterwards (must have been towards 1843)" changed the title and made the revisions. The new title is: "The Free Companions. A Tale of the Days of King Stephen."

The tale has never been printed, and there seems no reason for printing it now. It has of course a certain sentimental interest as a curiosity, but no literary or scientific value.

II. WILLIAM AND MARIE. A BALLAD. BY GABRIEL ROSSETTI THE YOUNGER. The manuscript is so entitled. It consists of a double sheet of note paper ( $7\frac{1}{8} \times 9$  in.) written on both sides, and a half-sheet of the same paper. The Ballad ends at the top of the verso of the latter. Beneath, and filling the page, is a letter, undated (ex-

cept with a pencilled “?43”), headed “50 Charlotte St. Portland Pl.,” and signed “Gabriel Rossetti.” The manuscript is all in the hand, therefore, of Rossetti’s father. The letter offers the Ballad to “your Magazine” (no name). Judging from the folds of the paper, the Ballad and letter were sent—and returned. Just under the title, in the same hand, but over pencilling, is “written when he was 15.”

The Ballad consists of 26 stanzas, beginning—

“O whither awaye, myne own true love?

O whither awaye sae soon?

The rayne will splash thy ’broiderie,

And soak thy gilded shoon.”

“I heedna the wynde, and I heedna the hayle,

And I heedna the storme, Marie;—

Before an hour hath passed awaye,

In my own halle mote I be.”

“But the lightning will startle thy berrie-browne steed,

And he will snort and shy,—

And long ere thou mayest reach thy halle

On the cauld earth shalt thou lie.”

The story is very tragic: William is slain as he leaves the castle by Sir Richard, a former lover of the lady. But Marie lays a bitter curse on the assassin and though he escapes, he presently meets his death by supernatural agencies in a terrible storm.

The Ballad has not been printed, and after reading Rossetti’s remarks on Sir Hugh the Heron, no one would venture to print it. (Cf. *The Works*, 1911, pp.

642 f.) It has only a curious interest, reflecting Rossetti's early reading of the old ballads, and revealing a certain precocious knack of imitation.

III. FRAGMENT. A slip of paper (3 x 4 $\frac{7}{8}$  in.) containing twelve verses, written in pencil. At the righthand edge a few of the words are not clear.

With these

Of its own voice the responses  
 I felt my breathless spirit swoon  
 And often as the foreign tune  
 Perplext her, and I must [*illegible*]  
 The sense, those English words of [*illegible*]  
 Quaked like a flame about my heart.  
 But when now silent—I saw glide  
 Along the awakened meadow side  
 As 'twere an angel that did pass—  
 The rapture of the windy grass—  
 I kissed her and she did not chide.

3. often as] once when in
4. *The last word looks like* imprit.

IV. A SONG AND MUSIC. A scrap of paper (4 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 5 $\frac{5}{8}$  in.) dated 1849. Printed in *Collected Works*, I, 253; in *The Works*, 1911, p. 192. The following collation with the printed text shows the process of improvement from first draft to final form. The first variant is the reading of the unaltered, the second that of the corrected, manuscript.

1. your] thine] thy  
where it lies] that lieth] where it lies
2. the] these] the whose]; the] whose
4. assuages] assuageth] assuages
5. lay] set] lay your] thine] thy
6. your] thy
7. your] thy shall] notes] shall
10. your] thine] thy
11. your] thy
15. Music, thus shadowed by thine hand] Thy music,  
shadowed in thy hand
16. Now while the song] When the mere sound] Now  
while the song

V. TRANSLATION. A scrap of blue-gray paper ( $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  in.) containing in parallel columns thirteen verses from the *Roman de la Rose* (ll. 1003 ff.) and a translation of the first five and the last five of them. The translation is printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 537, with the addition of l. 6.

VI. A PRAYER. A sheet of gray paper ( $6\frac{3}{8} \times 8$  in.) containing six stanzas, written on both sides. Dated in pencil: 1846. Printed in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 267 f. (Mr. Wise has another holograph manuscript of this poem; cf. the *Ashley Catalogue*, ix, 112.) The manuscript shows the following variants:

3. we know] which shows
4. Frightened itself and shook
5. henceforth the heart of man
12. heart] thought
17. must] *must*



19. Lady, do not rise up
21. Lady, I would show to thee that yet
30. whispers and makes] speaks, and maketh

VII. TRANSLATION. A half-sheet of note-paper containing on one side two quatrains in French scratched upon a window-pane at the New Inn, Winchelsea; and on the other side a translation by Rossetti. The translation is printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 541.

VIII. TWO ITALIAN SONNETS. These are on two small sheets in a black-bordered envelope. Cf. *Rossetti Papers*, p. 396, under the date of 5 June 1869. (See below, p. 53 f.)

IX. ITALIAN SONNET. A half-sheet of note-paper. First printed in 1903, then in *The Works*, 1911, p. 249, under the title 'Messer Dante a Messer Bruno.' The manuscript is entitled 'A Guado Pazzobue Bruno sonetto in risposta.' A pencilled note, by W. M. R., dates it "not before 67"; the date in *The Works*, 1911, is 1867. On the verso, in Rossetti's hand: "Written to Ford Madox Brown, in answer to a jocular Italian letter in which he translated the name of 'Dunn' as 'Fatto'." Cf. the note, *The Works*, p. 672. Cf. *Rossetti Papers*, p. 273.

Collation:

2. volta] trema, sfugge] frogge,
3. Bruno] bruno
7. CREDITORE] *Creditore*
8. E manca il dir] E il cor vien men

9. "Fatto"] *Fatto*
12. Impazziti] *Ma impazziti*
13. "gufo" o "gatto"] *gufo o gatto*
14. *Deh basta! non lo dir se il cor non vuole.*

X. NOTE ON CHATTERTON. A loose sheet containing a note which proposes transferring from the text to a footnote the quatrain beginning "Water-witches crowned with reytes,"—because it "is a false eighteenth century note, strangely out of harmony with the almost completely sustained tone of the rest, and an awkward break-down in the metre." The quatrain is stanza cxiii of Chatterton's *Ælla* (in the Bell-Skeat Aldine ed., 1891, I, 73). The note was no doubt made during Rossetti's interest in the work of Watts-Dunton on Chatterton for Ward's *English Poets*. (Cf. Hall Caine, *Recollections*, 1883, pp. 184 f.) This sheet belongs perhaps with the forty-two pages of similar matter in Mr. Wise's collection (cf. the Ashley Catalogue, iv, 143 f.)

XI. SACRAMENT HYMN. Two loose sheets ( $7\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{5}{8}$  in.) torn from a note book, containing five stanzas, four on one sheet, the fifth on the other. First printed in "Some Scraps of Verse and Prose by Dante Gabriel Rossetti" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December, 1898. (This article was reprinted, separately, by E. Scott Co., New York, 1898.) The 'Hymn' is in *The Works*, 1911, p. 192.

XII. LETTER TO GILCHRIST. Four pages, small note paper; dated (probably by W. M. R.) 25 May, 1861. The letter is as follows:

My dear Gilchrist,

I was not surprised at not seeing you Friday or Saturday as you left it uncertain. Last night I suspected you had called as "Mr Burges" was reported to me on my coming in soon after.

I will try and come to the Cheese on Thursday, though perhaps rather later than 6, but I dare say I should find you till nearly 7. I believe I am going to Macmillan's afterwards, and perhaps you will bear me company. I sent him the book to-day and when I see him shall add your salutary stipulation as to a fortnight's grace for decision. Patmore has written me most encouragingly concerning his opinion of the book. I shall lend you a copy if you have time to look at it. Of course I mean to beg your acceptance of one as soon as it has the etchings and is otherwise completed.

My wife goes on well and gets out daily.

With kind remembrances to Mrs Gilchrist I am yours sincerely

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"The book" is of course Rossetti's *The Early Italian Poets*, published by Smith, Elder and Co., 1861.

XIII. PROSERPINE. A sketch in prose for or of the painting; covering the first and third pages of a sheet of small note paper, with an addition on the second page. Printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 635. In the second paragraph the manuscript has "light"

altered to "gleam." "The incense-burner . . . goddess" was added on page 2. The last sentence has "behind" altered to "in the background."

XIV. THE DOOM OF THE SIRENS. Thirteen leaves ( $7\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{5}{8}$  in.) torn from a note book; some pages are written on both sides. Published in *Collected Works*, I, 431 ff., and *The Works*, 1911, pp. 610 ff.

XV. SONGS OF THE ART CATHOLIC: headed "2. 'Mater pulchrae Delectionis'." A fragment of 16 lines on a loose sheet ( $6\frac{3}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$  in.). This, with 47 more lines, is printed in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 661 f. It is an early version of 'Ave.' Towards the end of March 1847 (in his Note *ad loc.* W. M. R. says November) Rossetti sent to William Bell Scott a bundle of manuscripts containing 'The Blessed Damosel,' 'My Sister's Sleep,' "and other memorable poems, marshalled under the title of 'Songs of the Art-Catholic'" (*Autobiographical Notes*, I, 245)—of which this was No. 2. It was first published in "Some Scraps," etc. (cf. XI, above).

XVI. EPITAPH FOR KEATS. With a Prose Note. On the verso of XV. The verse was printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 260; the prose note is as follows:

Nowadays, when the Poems of John Keats are in every library, and the Quarterly Review at every buttermann's and

fishmonger's, (by the way, it is surprising that these worthy people are not afraid of dirtting their goods by the contact,) my reader is almost sure to remember that the young poet, lying worldsick on his deathbed, requested that his epitaph might be:—Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

XVII. TO MARY, IN SUMMER. Two sheets, cut from a note book, (now 6 x 8¼ in.). (Mr. Wise has another holograph manuscript of the poem; cf. the Ashley Catalogue, ix, 113.) Printed in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 260 f. Our manuscript differs considerably from the print, and is transcribed below, pp. ff. 54 ff.

XVIII. THE END OF IT. The last two stanzas of this poem on Napoleon at Waterloo are on the verso of the first sheet of XVII. All four stanzas are printed "as a curiosity" by Mr. Wise, Ashley Catalogue, iv, 109 f. Mr. Wise's manuscript is dated 18th June 1845. On 23 February 1870 Rossetti sent the stanzas to Swinburne in a letter—"for a lark." The third stanza, in our manuscript, shows some interesting variants from Mr. Wise's text, which seem to indicate that Rossetti treated even his doggerel to a certain amount of revision.

4. Watchdogs] ban-dogs
5. While the trumpet, all day shrill for blood,
6. Laughs with a cruel heave
8. A peal for a New Year's Eve.

XIX. MISCELLANY. Two leaves from a note book ( $7\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$  in.) containing various fragments, among them the four-stress version of 'Dîs Manibus,' printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 246, and the three stanzas of 'Joan of Arc,' printed *ibid.*, p. 245.

XX. TRAVEL SONNETS AND BLANK VERSE. 1849. A double and a single sheet of gray note paper ( $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$  in.) containing six sonnets and 26 lines of blank verse, written during Rossetti's journey to France and Belgium in 1849. On the fourth page of the double sheet there is the name and address of the printer of *The Germ*: "Geo. Tupper, 25 Clements Road, Lombard Street"; but only one of the sonnets was printed in *The Germ*, that 'On an Allegorical Dance of Nymphs, by Andrea Mantegna; in the Louvre,' which appeared in No. 4. The other five sonnets are: 1. 'On a Handful of French Money.' 2. 'At the Station of the Versailles Railway.' 3. 'In the Train, and at Versailles.' 4. 'Sir Peter Paul Rubens.' 5. 'From Ghent to Bruges.' Nos. 1-4 of these were first printed in "Some scraps," etc. (cf. XI, above), and then in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 180, 269, 180, 269, respectively. No. 5 appears *ibid.*, p. 270. The blank verse lines were printed in *Collected Works*, 1, 259 f. and in *The Works*, 1911, p. 186. The manuscripts show a few variants.

## I. ON A HANDFUL OF FRENCH MONEY

Corrections in the manuscript:

- 3. Denoting] Marks            state] in his state
- 5. that] some
- 6. thy] that
- 7. lo, I am] the whole is; *above which is something illegible and below is lo!* I am
- 13. Each beat—more or less strongly, but the same
- 14. And lives within] Was life—even in

Collation with the print:

- 6. this] thy
- 8. Eagle] eagle

## 2. AT THE STATION OF THE VERSAILLES RAILWAY

Collation with the print:

- 6. press] pass
- 13. Correggio] Coreggio

## 3. IN THE TRAIN, AND AT VERSAILLES

Collation with the print:

- 11. Through] Thro'

## 4. SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS

Corrections in the manuscript:

- 7. Poor ass! ("I say, I feel
- 11. go] bolt
- 14. this evening] to-morrow

Collation with the print:

- 4. museum] Museum
- 11. Let's] let's

## 5. FROM GHENT TO BRUGES

Collation with the print:

5. through] thro'

## ON AN ALLEGORICAL DANCE OF NYMPHS

Collation with the print:

3. Sharp thro his brain, a distinct rapid pang  
 5. But I believe he just leaned passively,  
 6. Just] And  
 7. girl] nymph  
 9. blind] vague; *altered in pencil to blind*  
 10. know] see  
 12. A portion of most secret life: to wit:—  
 13. The heart's each] Each human  
 14. With] For

XXI. EIGHTEEN SONNETS. Nine leaves ( $6\frac{3}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$  in.) each containing two sonnets. Each sonnet is numbered, as below. Beneath Nos. 14, 18, 20, 22, 24, 34, 36, 40, 44 stands, in pencil: "W. M."; beneath the others: "G." Six of the eighteen were chosen by W. M. R. for publication in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 263 ff.; and the collation of these is given here. In his Notes, *ibid.*, pp. 673 f., W. M. R. describes these sonnets as *bouts-rimés* and gives an account of their composition, in 1848. Their peculiar autobiographical interest (as unconscious thinking) was noted by Mr. Mégroz. Their most striking characteristic, however, is their resemblance by anticipation to certain of *The House of Life* sonnets and their exhibition of Rossetti's power to dramatize an imaginary "moment." The remaining twelve are



hitherto unpublished, and will be found below, pp. 56 ff. Since nine of these are marked "W. M." it might be supposed that they are not by Rossetti but by his brother; yet all eighteen, and the alterations also, are in the same hand, which is certainly Rossetti's, and I assume therefore that the sonnets are all by Rossetti.

### 17. UNBURIED DEATH

Printed in *The Works*, 1911, under the title 'Afterwards.' Alterations in the manuscript:

- 5. the first] and the
- 7. Crude dissonance] Echoless jar

Collation with the print:

- 10. clinging pall] sort of fall
- 11. The mere] A cold
- 12. then comes] comes then
- 13. has] hath          Life's all-in-all] Say, canst thou call
- 14. This life a life, friend, or this man a man?

### 21. HEIGHT IN DEPTH

Collation with the print:

- 1. apart] about
- 3. haunts the heart] haunted one
- 7. It is much nobler than when he doth wing
- 12. The outlet] That mean name

### 23. THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

Printed in *The Works*, 1911, under the title 'At Issue.' Alterations in the manuscript:

- 13. I may win blessed grief by going thither
- 14. Perchance; sith here such loathsome joys are rife

Collation with the print:

- 2. from] *from*
- 6. brittle beadage] beaded bubbles
- 8. Were 't] Wer't
- 10-14. For any voice calling me any whither?  
And the new life, than this I have, or had,  
Cannot be worse: the voice is much too sad.  
Even to attain calm grief I'd hasten thither  
Since here this sought-for joy wearies like strife.

### 39. A CHANGE

Printed in *The Works*, 1911, under the title 'The World's Doing.'

Alterations in the manuscript:

- 1. One would scarce] I scarcely
- 4. mine aim] word Fame
- 5. Was first heard by my soul
- 10. The heat into my cheeks, as in those old
- 11. Days in which we lived indeed with

Collation with the print:

- 1. scarce would] would scarce
- 2. first] old
- 5. Took me unto] Won my soul to
- 7. Nor even the sorrow moans] And even the grief  
moans not
- 9. in] to
- 10. Heat to my cheeks, as in those very old
- 11. Gone days in which we lived with a real life

### 43. ONE OF TIME'S RIDDLES

Collation with the print:

- 5. patience] Patience

XXII. AFTER THE GERMAN SUBJUGATION OF FRANCE, 1871. A sonnet on a single leaf (7 x 4½ in.). Mr. Wise has another holograph manuscript; cf. the Ashley Catalogue, ix, 117.) The sonnet was first published in the *Poems*, 1904, p. 34; then in *The Works*, 1911, p. 217. The corrected manuscript differs from the print only in punctuation and in having "shutting" for "closing" in the last line. Alterations in the manuscript.

9. now] lo!
11. worm-spun silks o'erlay] purple [*illegible*] eyes that [*illegible*]
12. Such fretwork as the busy worm can weave—all lined through; above it, also lined through: That [?] hour except to watch [*illegible*] be at play. *The second half of l. 11 and the final form of l. 12 are written out below the last line of the sonnet.*

XXIII. THREEFOLD HOMAGE. A sonnet on a single leaf (8½ x 7 in.) from a note book. Mr. Wise has another which he describes as "The original holograph Manuscript," but which is evidently a later draft or copy; cf. the Ashley Catalogue, ix, 116 and facsimile on the opposite page. Except as it appeared there the sonnet is unpublished. See below, p. 66.

XXIV. JAN VAN HUNKS. Nine leaves containing the greater part of the ballad, in two (or three) different states. The first leaf (7¼ x 8⅞ in.) appears to be a very early draft, if not the earliest.

After this follow four leaves (actually note paper unfolded) measuring 7 x 9 in., and four leaves of a different paper measuring  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$  in., which represent a state between the early drafts and the finished (published) version. The whole consists of thirty-four stanzas plus three which do not appear in the printed text; namely, the first three of the print, two cancelled stanzas, then the next five stanzas, finally 19 to 44, with a cancelled stanza between 43 and 44. The poem begins at the top of the left half of the first leaf and continues on the left half of the verso. On the right half, recto, is a prose note at the top:

“Well, well,” said the Major resuming his pipe, whence the vapour issued with a sigh for human incredulity; “you need not believe it, but it has all the elements of belief. For was it not told to some one who told it to me; and have I not now told it to you; and will not you in your turn tell it again?”

Below this, with a heading “(For the End),” are a cancelled stanza and the last stanza. The first group of four leaves contains stanzas 19 to 33, the remaining four leaves continue the poem to the end (stanzas 34 to 44). The manuscript is headed “The Dutchman’s Wager,” which is lined through, and “Jan Van Hunks” written beneath. (Rossetti consistently wrote the second word with a capital *v*.)

In *Rossetti as Designer and Writer* (1886, p. 175) W. M. R. records that his brother began the poem

“perhaps in 1847, . . . and in his last illness he recurred to and completed this ballad.” In the Letters and Memoir (1895), I, 108, his account is somewhat fuller. The ballad was begun, he says, “perhaps in 1846 rather than 1847, and nearly completed at the time. It then remained wholly neglected, until, on his deathbed, my brother took it up, and supplied the finishing touches.” It was not included in the Collected Works, he adds, because Rossetti “gave the MS. to his devoted friend, Mr. Theodore Watts, with whom alone now rests the decision of presenting it or not to the public.”

On 16 March 1882, twenty-four days before Rossetti's death, Watts-Dunton wrote to him with regard to the progress of the poem. When it was done Rossetti wrote: “I have finished Van Hunks, and should like to read it to you. Of course there is a lot of it that is very level, but I don't think it bad. It's forty-four stanzas.” Watts-Dunton seems to have regarded himself as the one who, indirectly, brought the ballad to completion. “As the idea interested him intensely, I encouraged it in order to keep up his spirits, and it did so wonderfully. Leyland used to say that it kept him alive for days. . . . And very soon the poem was all written out in his beautiful handwriting from the first line to the last.” And Watts-Dunton says again: “Although he fully realized that his end was approaching, he enjoyed writing the ballad, for he frequently laughed over it while

reading it to me, a few verses at a time, every evening."<sup>1</sup>

In 1909 Watts-Dunton sold the manuscript to Mr. Wise; and in the same year the poem was published in the first number of *The English Review* with an accompanying article by the former owner. In 1912 Mr. Wise printed privately an edition of thirty copies, "For T. Watts-Dunton." In 1929 Mr. Mackenzie Bell reprinted it with the announcement that it was "hitherto unpublished."<sup>2</sup>

This brought from Mr. Wise a letter in the London Times *Literary Supplement* (12 December 1929) drawing attention to the fact that it had already been published twice. The reviewer of the *T. L. S.*, moreover, seems to have been unaware of the previous publication. With regard to the further statement that the original manuscript had disappeared Mr. Wise wrote: "The original draft of 'Jan Van Hunks' has not been lost. It is still extant, though, unfortunately, not quite complete, and is held in good hands." Mr. Wise did not there mention his own manuscript, which is also incomplete (cf. the Ashley Catalogue, iv, 152 f.); nor does he make quite clear the meaning of his phrase "the original draft."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Ashley Catalogue, iv, 152 f., and *The English Review* 1 (1909), 323 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *The Ballad of Jan van Hunks*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. With an Introduction by Mackenzie Bell. (Harrap.) Besides the ordinary edition Messrs. Harrap also issued a limited signed edition, which I have not seen. It was presumably signed by Mr. Bell.

In the *T. L. S.* for 27 February 1930 Mr. W. Marchbank commented on the fact that no reply had appeared to Mr. Wise's "prompt and vigorous criticism" of the claim that the ballad was hitherto unpublished, and announced that the original draft was in his possession. "As pointed out by Mr. Wise, the original draft has not been lost. It is in my collection." Mr. Marchbank adds:

The draft, pencilled, is written in a note-book and occupies seventeen pages. An inscription in ink on the inside cover in the handwriting and with the initials of W. M. Rossetti, dated 1905, reads as follows:—

"The principal content of this book is Gabriel's poem of *The Dutchman's Pipe* (or *Jan Van Hunks*) begun towards 1847, and then nearly completed: he took it up in the last weeks of his life, finished it, and presented the complete manuscript to Theodore Watts-Dunton. The manuscript in this book is of his closing weeks. There is also the draft of a letter (possibly the very last that he wrote) to Ernest Chesmean, and of another letter to some Picture-buyer, I know not whom. Thus the book may be regarded as the last specimen of his handwriting of any consecutive length. *The Dutchman's Pipe* remains as yet unpublished."<sup>3</sup>

To be sure, W. M. R.'s statement is not altogether perspicuous, but it would seem to be plain, nevertheless, that Mr. Marchbank's is not the "original draft." A manuscript in the poet's "closing weeks"

<sup>3</sup> In the *T. L. S.* for 6 March 1930 Professor G. C. Moore Smith corrected Mr. Marchbank's misreading of "Ernest Chesmean" for Ernest Chesneau, "whose work, 'La peinture anglaise' was published in 1882, the year of Rossetti's death."

would hardly be that, if the poem was begun in 1846 or 1847. The mystery is made a little darker, moreover, by Mr. Marchbank's statement: "The 'complete manuscript' referred to [in W. M. R.'s note] was purchased from Theodore Watts-Dunton by Mr. Wise in 1909" and his reference to the Ashley Catalogue, iv, 152 f. for a "full description of this manuscript." For Mr. Wise expressly says there that his manuscript is incomplete.

The following collation shows the differences between the privately printed edition of 1912 (which is the same as the text in *The English Review*) and our manuscript. The numbers indicate stanza and line.

- 1.1. quaint] queer
- 1.2. winter heat;] winter-heat:
- 1.3. hall-door slap,] hall-door's slap (*no comma*)
- 1.5. stepped] stept
- 2.2. Five golden pieces fair<sup>4</sup>
- 2.3. hand; with] hand. With
- 3.1. Even as] And while
- 3.2. Rose] Grew                      spread,] spread;
- 3.4. shining] shiny

*Between stanzas 3 and 4:*

Then once more from the bowl the smoke  
 Twisted a silver chain  
 Just like a drowsy poet's thoughts  
 That jostle in his brain,

<sup>4</sup> In Mr. Wise's manuscript (cf. the facsimile facing p. 152) this line reads: "Twelve silver [*altered to* Ten golden] pieces rare." And in the same facsimile 3.5. reads: "As though he too took [*altered to* had] his evening pipe."



Quarreling each for the precedence,  
And none to be found again.

One by one the hours went on  
As the clock gave them out,  
Till the tongue of the midnight bell was loosed  
With a timid kind of shout,  
As knowing it would be bullied and jeered  
By the echoes thereabout.

---

Twisted] Blew in

4.1, 2, 3. Van Hunks was fond of the midnight bell  
It caused him a secret grin  
When shutter and blind shook in the wind

4.4. its] that

4.5. who] that

4.6. sat—*altered in pencil to was*

*Stanza 5 is not in our manuscript.*

6.1. "These thirty years," then said Van Hunks

6.3. I've laid great] But of all the

6.4. But never had once] Had never a doit

6.5. For still in the end my vapouring foe

6.6. Has sickly sneaked away.

7.1. "Ah, could I still find any one

7.3. And worthy to try his chance with me

7.4. evening] midnight

7.5. He should be welcome, though he came

8.1. The words had scarcely ceased,—his breath

8.2. And mingled] Still mingling

*End of verso of sheet 1; remainder of stanza 8 and  
next ten stanzas wanting.*

19.1. The chamber window stood to the street

- 20.5. bread:] bread.  
 22 *This stanza written in pencil at left margin and top of page.*  
 23.4. A-twisting] Still twisting  
 24.4. In the] At  
 25.3. deaf and blind] blind and deaf  
 25.6. further] other—*altered in pencil to further*  
 26.5. My] Mad  
 27.3. wildly] swiftly—*altered in pencil to wildly*  
 27.5. eke] ever  
 27.6. shone] shot  
 29.1. now appeared] appeared therein—*altered in pencil to appeared there now*  
 29.2. lo!] there—*altered in ink to lo!*  
 29.4. A] The  
 30.1. watery] watered  
 30.2. dim] dark—*altered in pencil to dim*  
 30.3. dogs the] digs did the  
 30.5. night] air—*altered in pencil to night*  
 31.5. two] those—*altered in pencil to two*  
 32.2. Mid] 'Mid  
 32.4. While] And—*altered in pencil to While*  
       laughed] scoffed  
 34.2. pastor's] Pastor's  
 34.3. head] pipe  
 35.1. cringed] bow—*changed immediately to cringed*  
 37.1. stranger] old man  
 38.2. On] To  
 39.1. pastor] Pastor  
 39.2. With] With a  
 39.3. —"A] "A  
 40.1. fiend] Fiend               now." ] now!"  
 40.2. pastor] Pastor  
 40.3. But] Then  
 41.1. poor priest] Sir Priest               pastor's] Pastor's

- 42.1. monster] Master (*plainly*)  
 43.2. retinue:] retinue;  
 43.3. He has] He's  
 43.4. blue:] blue.  
 43.5. I have] I've            use,] use,—  
 44.1. They have] They've            head,] head,—  
 44.2. monk's—] monk's,—  
 44.3. legs,] legs,—  
 44.5. pipe] pipe,

*Cancelled stanza (between 43 and 44) and  
 44 read:*

"Aha! he said! My pipe's worn out—

You're seasoned—you'll just do."

Then he flung him into a gang of fiends,

Black yellow read & blue.

I've brought a pipe for my private use,

Just trim it some of you!"

They've sliced the very crown from his head

(Worse shaving than a monk's)

*etc., with a pipe for his pipe in line 5.*

*Stanza is headed: (For the End)*

1. he said] I forgot

3. Then *added later.*

5. *Cancelled correction:* Here's a pi

XXV. NOTE BOOK I. Dark green morocco, quarto size, comprising fifteen loose leaves and several scraps. The contents are very miscellaneous, notes and memoranda of various sorts: addresses, di-

rections for diet, prices of pictures, subjects for pictures, articles lent, sums lent and sums paid, etc., etc. Most interesting perhaps is a rough pencil sketch of La Pia, with a translation in seven lines of eight lines from Dante (*Purgatorio* v, 130-36). The translation was published in *Collected Works*, II, 406, and in *The Works*, 1911, p. 546, with minor differences in punctuation. Cf. *Rossetti Papers*, p. 296.

XXVI. NOTE BOOK II. Dark green morocco covers; on the fly leaf, front, is a pencilled list (by W. M. R.?) giving the contents at one time: 1. Note on *Bride's Prelude*; 2. *Close of King's Tragedy*; 3. *Soothsay*; 4. 4 sonnets (*Raleigh &c.*); 5. Printed note on *Rosemary*. Of these only the last remains at present; so that the Note Book is now merely a set of covers for the following items:

1. 'On Mary's Portrait.' Four leaves ( $6\frac{3}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$  in.) written on both sides. This poem, hitherto unpublished, calls for some discussion because of its relation with the later poem, 'The Portrait.'

'The Portrait' was first published in the 1870 volume. In the *Collected Works*, I, 519, William Michael Rossetti gave the following note:

In printed notices of my brother's poems I have often seen the supposition advanced that this poem was written after the death of his wife, in relation to some portrait he had painted of her during her lifetime. The supposition is very natural—yet not correct. The poem was in fact an extremely early

me: when on earth thy voice again is heard  
 And thou from thy long cold heart hast turned thee,  
 (After the second spirit said the first)  
 Remember me to the one La Pia: me  
 Siena, me Madonna, made, unmade.  
 He knoweth this thing in his heart, - even he  
 With whose fair jewel I was ringed & wed.



LA PIA. FROM NOTE BOOK I.  
 (Reduced about one-fourth.)



one, and purely imaginary,—perhaps, in the first draft of it, as early as 1847; it was afterwards considerably revised.

This paragraph was reprinted in the Notes to The Works, 1911, pp. 662 f., without the “perhaps,” but with a stanza (the twelfth) of “this early endeavour,” and the additional statement:

The first draft was entitled “On Mary’s Portrait, which I painted six years ago.” The “six years ago” would be 1841, when Rossetti was aged thirteen and there was no “Mary.”

W. M. R.’s “considerably revised” hardly meets the case. The earlier poem comprises sixteen stanzas or 144 lines; the later poem comprises twelve stanzas or 108 lines, and retains only nine and a half lines from the first. There is, however, a similarity of material in the two poems which makes comparison interesting. (For convenience I refer to ‘On Mary’s Portrait’ as *A* and to ‘The Portrait’ as *B*.) The stanza is the same in both: two quatrains (*abab* and *cddc*) connected with a *c*-rime, except that in *A* the first quatrain was somewhat looser, riming *abcb*. Both poems open with two introductory stanzas; but those of *A* have in *B* been reduced to one and a new stanza added. The next two stanzas of *A* give the speaker’s recollection of Mary sitting in the library; this is omitted in *B*. *A* continues with an account (three stanzas) of the occasion of his painting the picture, followed with three more stanzas in which the background and Mary are both described; whereas

*B* devotes two stanzas to the background, immediately after the introduction, and then proceeds to an account of the occasion, omitting the two stanzas of *A* describing "her." After a parenthetical stanza (the twelfth)—a kind of parallel picture, which is structurally equivalent to the vision in *B* (stanza 11)—*A* resumes the story and the two poems agree again in saying that he paints her portrait the next day (*A* stanza 14, *B* stanzas 7-8). The remainder of *A* adds that he shows her the portrait (omitted in *B*) and completes with a whole stanza the narrative framework of the opening lines. In *B* the framework has disappeared at the close, leaving only a trace at the beginning; and, what is most significant, the last five stanzas of *B*, or nearly half the poem, not only have almost nothing in common with *A*, but they constitute the basis of our impression of the autobiographic character of the poem. The same acute sense of loss, the same troubled longing and regret, the same half-mystical vision, so familiar elsewhere in Rossetti's poetry written in the decade after his wife's death, are unmistakable here. In the earlier poem the feeling of separation by death is simply conventional romanticism. What was an imaginary portrait has become an autobiographical fact—waiving the detail of a special picture with a definite setting—and we meet again the peculiar problem which perplexes us in *The House of Life*, in 'The Stream's Secret,' and many other poems, where Rossetti has fused an impersonally dramatic situation with an intensely per-



sonal emotion. In Rossetti's case we can apply the biographic test with some security; for other poets we are often left to surmise merely.

Two smaller observations may be worth making. The parenthetic twelfth stanza of *A* is perhaps, apart from the nine or ten lines retained in *B*, the most pleasing part of the poem. It is a little surprising that Rossetti, who though sometimes negligent of his manuscripts was usually thrifty in his use of notes and older material, did not work it over in a finished poem. It is also surprising that W. M. R., who cherished and published his brother's scraps and fragments so faithfully, should relegate this stanza to a note (as mentioned above) in the 1911 edition.

The other point is the obvious reminiscence of Browning's 'My Last Duchess' in the first and fourth stanzas of 'The Portrait':

There is her picture as she was:  
It seems a thing to wonder on.

. . . . .

. . . and there she stands.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now; Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

The parallel is almost too close to be accidental, and if accidental it is difficult to see how it could have escaped Rossetti's attention; for we know that he was scrupulously anxious to avoid such echoes. Brown-

ing's poem was published in 1842. 'On Mary's Portrait' is dated by W. M. R. in 1847—it is probably the "poem about a portrait" written along with 'The Blessed Damozel' "for the family *Hotch Potch* long and long ago," which Rossetti inquired about in a letter to his mother 20 May 1873 (Letters and Memoir, II, 293). This "magazine" flourished in manuscript "during some months or weeks of 1847, or possibly 1846" (*Rossetti as Designer and Writer*, p. 126). Rossetti first became interested in Browning's poetry in 1847 and remained an enthusiastic admirer until the publication of *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872. His poem which shows the influence of Browning most clearly, 'A Last Confession,' was written about 1848 or 1849 and revised for the 1870 volume. 'On Mary's Portrait,' however, has nothing of Browning in it unless the conventional framework be taken as a borrowing from the dramatic monologue technique. Certainly, the lines which parallel the opening of 'My Last Duchess' appear first in 'The Portrait,' written many years later. The date of 'The Portrait' is not entirely certain, but it would seem that the early poem was among the manuscripts exhumed from Mrs. Rossetti's grave in October 1869 and that the new poem was composed (or the old one "considerably revised") during the preparations for publishing the volume of 1870. It was at this time that he worked over 'Jenny,' 'A Last Confession,' and 'Dante at Verona,' all similarly recovered; and at this time, when he was suffering acutely from in-

somnia, hypochondria and remorse, he would return with special interest to a poem which by imaginative anticipation suggested memories of his dead wife. W. M. R., is, therefore, perhaps literally correct in saying that 'The Portrait' is not autobiographical, but he is actually misleading.

One question remains. If 'On Mary's Portrait' was written for the *Hotch Potch* in 1846 or 1847, and the manuscript was buried with Mrs. Rossetti in 1862 and exhumed in 1869, and 'The Portrait' is a revision of 'On Mary's Portrait,' why should Rossetti ask his mother for a copy of it in 1873? Two answers are possible. Rossetti may have wanted the early manuscript in 1873 for other reasons than simply to possess a copy of the poem; or the poem which W. M. R. refers to as 'Portrait' and which was recovered with 'Jenny,' and others from the coffin of Mrs. Rossetti was not 'On Mary's Portrait' at all or was perhaps a version intermediate between that and the published poem called 'The Portrait.' The former of these alternatives seems to me the more likely.

It is entirely reasonable to suppose that between the first composition of 'On Mary's Portrait' and the "revision" in 1869 Rossetti had renamed the earlier poem and called it simply 'The Portrait.' In "[September or October 1860]" he sent William Allingham a number of manuscripts asking Allingham's advice concerning publication. Among these was a

poem which Rossetti refers to as "the *Portrait*": he thought of omitting it from the then projected volume on the ground that it was "rather spoon-meat" (*Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham 1854-1870*, pp. 232, 245). And in a letter to Swinburne, 30 October 1869, commenting on various revisions of the exhumed poems, he says: "I have also condensed a shady thing called 'The Portrait,' which you may remember, and made a good short poem of it I think" (Ashley Catalogue, vii, 15 f.). This last seems to settle the matter quite definitely, since there is nowhere any evidence of another poem with similar title between 1847 and 1860 or of a revision between 1860 and 1869.

Finally, we are not without some grounds for a reasonable guess why Rossetti should write to his mother in 1873 for a copy of the early "poem about a portrait," for in the letter already mentioned he particularly asked: "could you let me have the same if in my own handwriting?" In 1873 Rossetti was at Kelmscott, in improved health, both of mind and body, writing very little, but very much occupied with drawing and painting. For the latter there were numerous sitters,—to name only Mrs. Morris, Miss May Morris ("then a very childish sitter"), and Miss Wilding, besides the "female model" from London (discreetly referred to by W. M. Rossetti) who sat for the three-quarter nude called 'Ligeia Siren.' Among these, and the various dealers with whom he was in constant relations at this time, there may con-

ceivably have been some one to whom he wished to show an early holograph of 'The Blessed Damozel' and the "portrait" poem. Moreover, he had just found at Kelmscott a portrait of himself "as a child" which he offered to return to his mother; and a portrait medal of his father, 1847, had set him thinking of the past. Furthermore, he was making sketches for the Blessed Damozel picture, and the previous year he had painted an oil replica of the 'Beata Beatrix,' his idealized portrait of his wife. All this is, to be sure, catching at straws, but it may in some measure account for his wishing to have the earliest drafts of two of his earliest poems; and it is not inconsistent with his having had meanwhile, in 1869, while the Trial Books were in preparation for the 1870 volume, another copy of the lines called 'On Mary's Portrait.'

2. 'Saint Agnes of Intercession.' Four yellowed leaves ( $7\frac{1}{8}$  x  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in.) and five blue-gray leaves ( $7\frac{1}{4}$  x  $8\frac{7}{8}$  in.). The manuscript is incomplete, and ends with ". . . I had done my" just after the poem (Collected Works, I, 407; The Works, 1911, p. 561). There are a great many differences between this and the printed text, this being clearly a first draft. A complete collation would seem unnecessary, but I transcribe the cancelled introductory paragraph, and a little more,—without recording all the manuscript corrections,—in view of the fact that Rossetti is there sketching his own father.

The story is headed "The St. Agnes"—to which is added in pencil "at Perugia." Underneath: "(An Autopsychology)". In the upper righthand corner is copied out the Motto (so designated) from *Tristram Shandy*, as in the prints; but just below is an alternative Motto from *Prometheus Unbound*:

It [*sic*] shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.

SHELLEY.

The manuscript begins, at the top of the lefthand side of the page:

My father had settled in England only a few years before I was born to him. He was one of that vast multitude of exiles who almost from year to year<sup>1</sup> for a season of nearly a century, have been scattered from France over all Europe—over the world indeed. Few of these can have less of riches than he had, wherein to seek happiness; but I believe that there are still fewer who could be so happy as he was, without riches, in exile and labour.

Among my earliest recollections none is stronger than that of my father, standing before the fire, when he came home in the winter evenings and singing to us in his fine voice<sup>2</sup> the patriotic songs familiar to his youth: those of France—tunes which have rung the world's changes since '89; those to which Italy gave birth about the unlucky year '20; and others, harsher and less skilful from the land of his own des-

<sup>1</sup> "year to year" is lined through, and "lustrum to lustrum" written above.

<sup>2</sup> "in his fine voice" is lined through.

olate birthright. I used to sit on the carpet, listening to him, and look between his knees into the fire till it scorched my face. And the shapes would swarm up in the fire, and change, and run together, and change; faces and figures and all manner of objects,<sup>3</sup> many of them so distinct and clearly perceived that I sometimes took paper and pencil, and tried to fix them before they crumbled. For I was to be a painter.

3. 'Nearest of Kindred.' A sonnet on a single leaf ( $7\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in.), dated "Aug. 1854." The sonnet was renamed 'The Birth-Bond' and is No. xv in *The House of Life*. Collation with the printed text.

- 2. were born of a] remain from the
- 3. gracious] fragrant
- 4. on the forgotten] upon an unknown] on a forgotten
- 5. How] That
- 6. thought] word] thought
- 8. a] one] a
- 11. life hinted] I wotted
- 12. O] Together] O                      with me *above line*.
- 14. soul's birth partner] life's own sister

4. 'Known in Vain.' A sonnet on the plain side of a half-sheet of black-bordered note paper ( $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  in.), dated "January 1853." This is No. LXV in *The House of Life*. Collation with the printed text:

- 1. two] they] two
- 2. to] with
- 5. aloud] aloud *altered to* in words
- 6. laugh'd] laught
- 11. sailed] sail'd

<sup>3</sup> "faces . . . objects" is lined through.



5. Memoranda. A loose sheet ( $7\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$  in.) including the note: "To paint large head of M[arie] S[tillman] and smaller one of J[ane] M[orris] for 2 versions of *Salutatio Beatricis* (from 2 drawings particularly the latter which is my best of her.)"

6. Fragments. A soiled sheet of note paper, on one side of which is part of the unfinished poem addressed to "You skunks"—a remnant of the Buchanan episode—and on the other sides notes for four of the sonnets of *The House of Life* and other fragments. Both sides are written in pencil, much rubbed and almost illegible. These notes are of considerable interest as illustrating one of Rossetti's methods of work. They were apparently jotted down at about the same time—all but two of them were used in the sonnets. The first four and the sixth appear, with alterations, in No. LXXXIX, 'The Trees of the Garden'; cf. ll. 2, 3, 8, 4, 10, 11, and 1, respectively. With the seventh compare No. LXIV, 'Ardour and Memory,' l. 11. With the next three compare No. LXII, 'The Soul's Sphere,' ll. 12, 13, 14, 1, 2, 3. With the next compare the last line of No. XIX, 'Silent Noon.' The fifth and the last found no place in the published poems. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and last were printed in *The Works*, 1911, pp. 243, 243, 246, 242, respectively. Since the four sonnets just named can be dated only conjecturally, it is impossible to date these notes more definitely than, say, between ?1871 and 1875.



and we,

When trees that know our sires shall cease to know  
And still stand silent.

Sphinx-faced with unabashed augury

Or like a wisp that laughs upon the wall

The upheaved forest trees mossgrown today  
Whose roots are hillocks where the children play

The forehead veiled and the veiled throat of death

And plaintive days that haunt the haggard hills  
With bleak unspoken woe

inexplicable blight

And mad revulsions of the brandished light

that (*altered to some*) last

Wild pageant of the accumulated past

Which clangs and flashes for the drowning man

Some pr[?]ioned moving on steep cloud fastnesses

some dying sun whose pyre

Blazed with momentous memorable fire

Some close companioned inarticulate hours

When two-fold silence was the song of love

Who knoweth not loves sounds and silences

7. Fragments. A single leaf (7 x 8 $\frac{5}{8}$  in.) containing portions of 'Chimes' (see XXVIII, 7, below) and on the verso "Subject for Tale or Humorous Poem," printed in *Collected Works*, I, 441, and *The Works*, 1911, p. 616, as 'The Palimpsest.'

XXVII. NOTE BOOK III. The leather covers are missing; only the colored end-papers remain. The manuscript itself comprises ten leaves (7 x 8½ in.) written on both sides, and contains:

1. Miscellaneous fragments in verse and prose. Below (pp. 72 ff.) I transcribe four pages of the group, that is, two leaves written on both sides, as illustration. The first page ends with "Sphinx-faced. . .," the second with the couplet "Even as the rose-tree's. . .," the third with "With airs new-fledged. . .," the fourth with "imperatorial car. . . ." Many of these fragments have been crisscrossed through; some are marked in the margin with X or XX or O. To these four pages I add a few other selections, avoiding for the most part what has already been published in *The Works*, 1911, under Versicles and Fragments and as Scraps (pp. 605 ff., 635 ff.). Not all of the passages there printed, however, are from the Note Book as it now exists; and the reasons for W. M. R.'s choice are not always apparent.

2. 'Soothsay.' The notes printed below (pp. 77 f.) are among those used or intended for the poem 'Commandments,' which was later entitled 'Soothsay.' Mr. Wise's manuscript of the finished poem (the Ashley Catalogue, ix, 118) contains twenty-four stanzas, of which only fourteen were printed by Rossetti in 1881 and in the subsequent editions. Three of the unprinted stanzas are to be seen in the facsimile facing p. 118 (*loc. cit*); another, which was originally the first, but was used for ll. 1-2, 13-14 of

the sonnet 'True Woman,' *The House of Life*, No. LVIII, is printed *ibid.* —On the soiled sheet described above (XXVI, 6) along with the "You skunks" lines is the note: "In early life the affinities of men are uppermost to draw them together: later their individualities become tyrannous & sunder them." From this and from some of the fragments printed below, one may infer that certain aspects of Rossetti's own experiences, including the *affaire* Buchanan, were in his mind during part of the time he was occupied with 'Soothsay.' These traces are removed in the published poem.

3. The first four and part of the thirty-fourth stanzas of 'The King's Tragedy,' showing the following variants from the printed text:

1. am] was
2. to all Scots] through Scotland—*above which: to all Scots*
4. a waning] an aging
5. withered] feeble
9. close-linked—*above this: galliard, above which: winding; i. e., the first reading was retained.*
12. nursing] cradle
149. cloud] clouds
151. Wild wings] The gulls

4. A version of 'Dis Manibus' in five-stress lines. (For the version in short couplets see *The Works*, 1911, p. 246. See also XIX above.)

Gustave Flaubert, who filled the imperial rôle  
Of Secretary elect to Nero's soul,—

Who made French flesh to creep, French cock to crow,  
 O'er bloodred Carthaginian Salammbò,—  
 Lies here,—in bloated body as in brain,  
 Like to a Morgue-corpsé tumid from the Seine.  
 What shall be writ above his honored grave?—  
 Vitellius' or loved Nero's dying stave?  
 "Fuit Imperator vester!" (Shall it flow?)  
 Or rather "Qualis Artifex pereō!"

1. filled] held] played
2. elect] hired
4. bloodred] sadique *lined through*

5. Alone on a loose page is a cancelled stanza of 'The Bride's Prelude,' scribbled in pencil, with alterations. This might have followed stanza 140 or 141 of the published text.

No ship came near aloof withheld  
 They [*illegible*] as still as death  
 For round our walls the sea was dense  
 With reefs, whose sharp circumference  
 Was the great stronghold's sure defense.

1. No ships came nigh, though far away
2. loomed] passed] *an illegible word*] ? tacked
3. sea] waves
4. sharp] rude

On the verso of this page, otherwise blank, is a draft of stanza 146:

'Twas thus my sire struck down the sword,  
 And said with quivering lips

She that to me this child did give  
 Smiled thus, he said, and I forgive  
 So, for my mother's sake, I live

She from

2. *Over* With quivering lips and cheek [?], *only the last two words being lined through.*
3. give—*lined through, and above it* 1[—?].

XXVIII. NOTE BOOK IV. Dark blue morocco covers, quarto. The contents were listed in pencil by W. M. R.—with the note: “Date mainly towards 1871 perhaps”—as follows: “1. Notes for God's Graal—and stanzas; 2. My Lady; 3. White Ship—fragments; 4. Orchard Pits—narrative and fragments; 5. Tale of Palimpsest; 6. Chimes—fragment; 7. Last Love; 8. Possession; 9. Rose Mary—fragment and narrative; 10. Doom of Sirens—narrative; 11. The Cup of Water—do. and some scraps.” The Note Book now contains the following items:—

1. A page with a list of fifty words obviously for use in ‘God's Graal,’ thirteen ending in *-ood*, the rest in *-ude*. See below, pp. 78 f.

2. Twenty-six pages, written on one side only, of notes and extracts from Malory's *Morte Darthur*, headed “Notes for ‘God's Graal’.” See below, pp. 79 ff. In the left margin between the numbers occur frequent X marks in red ink, and here and there check marks in pencil, showing that Rossetti worked over the material after the first copying. The last

page contains a note in Italian on the painter Serafino Serafiori, from Crescimbeni, vol. 1, p. 206. At the bottom, in pencil: "metre 'The Sea Limits' in long lines." On the verso of this page are the two stanzas which are printed as ll. 8 ff. under the title of 'God's Graal' in *The Works*, 1911, p. 239. In the manuscript the refrain lines are underscored. It will be noted that these fragments are not in the meter of 'The Sea Limits.'

In a letter to Swinburne, dated from Scalands, the Sussex cottage of Mme. Bodichon, 2 March 1870, Rossetti wrote: "If I do anything else [than 'The Stream's Secret'] it will be 'God's Graal,' the Lancelot poem, but this baffled me rather on taking it up, owing to the limitations of the burden I had adopted. However, I may tackle it yet, but time runs short." And on the 9th of March, also to Swinburne: "The poem I shall do, if any, will be, I believe, 'God's Graal'—i. e., the loss of the Sangraal by Lancelot, a theme chosen to emphasize the superiority of Guenevere over God." In the same letter he tells of seeing the three-volume French *Lancelot*, ca. 1533, and relates to Swinburne the story there of the first kiss of Lancelot and Guenevere (the Ashley Catalogue, iv, 128 f., 119).

It is plain from the Notes that his poem would have been a long one, and hence he may well have been baffled by the refrain-rimes. The word for word quotations from Malory suggest the care he would have taken with archaic language—as he had already

done in parts of 'The Bride's Prelude.' His remark on the "superiority of Guenevere over God" need not be taken too seriously. His rather full notes on the last meeting of the two lovers and the close of the story hardly bear him out. It would have been a passionate love poem, of course, and at times Lancelot would put his lady above his religion, but the tragic material would have its tragic end inescapably, in which God triumphs over Guenevere.

3. One page, the fragment 'My Lady,' printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 244.

4. One page, fragments from 'The White Ship'; followed by another at the bottom of the first page of 'The Orchard Pit' (No. 5. below). The fragments are these: the first six lines of the poem, followed by ll. 151-54, with a row of dots between to indicate that the lines are not consecutive. After another row of dots, ll. 166-71, with "dark" for "dim" and "Gilbert" for "Godefroy." Then another row of dots, followed by ll. 252-55, 259-60, with no indication that the lines were not consecutive. Apparently ll. 256-58 were a later addition. In this last set of lines occur the following variants:

252. O King, ye] ye well] O King, ye

255. Sleep in the sea's bed with the White Ship

After l. 260 comes the refrain line: "Lands are swayed. . ."; then l. 261, l. 263, with the second refrain line: "The sea . . ." That is, l. 262 was not yet written, and the refrain was worked in with the

last two couplets, instead of, as finally, repeating the opening couplets with the refrain.

Immediately after this page two pages have been torn out, but at the bottom of the page which now follows, these lines are scribbled in pencil:

I Berold was under the sea  
I knew what the flood of death must be  
And cried to Christ to strengthen me.

And also ll. 82-85, reading for l. 85 first: 'A king's own son for,' but changed to read as in the printed version.

5. One page, the five stanzas of 'The Orchard Pit,' printed in *Collected Works*, I, 377, and nine pages, the prose synopsis, *ibid.*, 427 ff. (*The Works*, 1911, pp. 239, 607 ff.). There are only a few small variants between the manuscript and the print of the synopsis. The stanzas show the following variants: l. 2 is altered to "Those dead men lie with apples. . ." In l. 3 "dell" is altered to "glen." L. 11 read first "Thus in night-dreams 'tis shown. . ." and was altered to read "Thus in my dream 'tis shown. . ." The fourth stanza was written before the third; was crossed out, and then marked 'stet.' An arrow indicates that the third stanza, which stands immediately below the fourth, is to precede it. The fifth stanza (no variants) is at the bottom of the blank page opposite the paragraph in the synopsis beginning "I speak of my love . . ." (*Collected Works*, I, 429, *The Works*, 1911, p. 609).



6. One page, the fragment 'Last Love,' printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 244. Beneath this is the last couplet of 'Heart's Hope,' *The House of Life*, No. v, with "first hour" for "birth-hour"; the seventh line of 'The Soul's Sphere,' *The House of Life*, No. LXII; and the line:

What thing so pitiful as the poor Past?

7. On the verso of 6, fragments of 'Chimes.' In Note Book II (XXVI, 7, above) an untitled poem is begun thus:

Water-willow and wellaway,  
With a wind blown night and day.

The willow's wan and the water white  
With a wind blown day and night.

The willows wave on the water-way,  
With a wind blown night and day.

The willows wail in the waning light,  
With a wind blown day and night.

After which follows the second stanza of 'Chimes' as it stands in the published text.

Here is found the following set of lines:

1. Lost love-labour and lullaby,  
And lowly let love lie.

3. Lovelorn labour and life laid by,  
And lowly let love lie.

Late love-longing and life-sorrow,  
 2. And love's life lying low.

Lost love-morrow and love-fellow,  
 4. And love's life lying low.

These lines are followed by the last two couplets of stanza v and the first couplet of stanza vii (in the last of which the manuscript has "With" for "And").

It would seem that Rossetti began the poem with the 'Water-willow' stanza and the final stanza ii; saw that the close similarity of the refrain lines of the first stanza differed from the greater variation in the refrain lines of the second stanza; discarded the first stanza and wrote a fresh one in its place; continued, however, at another time with a refrain pattern similar to the discarded one, but for the remainder of the poem preferred the plan of greater variation. The final arrangement of stanza iv ("Lost love-labour") is neither that of the version above nor of the order indicated by the figures at the left of the couplets.

The discarded original first stanza Rossetti used afterward for refrain lines in 'A Death-Parting.'

8. One page, a fragment of 'Rose Mary,' followed by seven and a half pages, closely written, on both sides, but on the left half only of each side, containing a prose synopsis of the later portion of the poem. The fragments, stanzas 44 to 47 of Part I, show some interesting variants:

St. 44, l. 3. Soon they melt with the] No will for them  
 but of *altered to read as in the prints.*

4. would] they'd] would  
such deeds] the deed] a deed
- 45, l. 1. winds] shifts] winds
2. As it] And] As it
- 3-4. Everywhere the path lies clear—And now  
as the castle draws more near—As ever the  
castle draws more near—Still past it goes  
and there's nought to fear—Now past it  
goes and there's nought to fear—And now  
it has passed and still no fear—Ever the  
castle looms more near—(*this last being re-  
tained and a new fourth line written*). The  
fourth variant, "Still past . . ." appears as  
the last line of stanza 40.
5. like] as
- 46, l. 3. Rest here, darling, as long ago
4. While your [*altered to a*] heart's song lulls  
you, sweet and low
- 47, l. 2. castle-height] castle-wall
3. But there he may journey without dread

'Rose Mary' was composed rapidly, at Kelmscott, in September 1871. On 10 September Rossetti wrote to his brother that he had finished "Part I. (51 five-line stanzas)" and added: "Part II will be much longer, I think, and should hope to get on with it now, were it not that Top comes here to-night from Iceland." This refers of course to Morris' return to Kelmscott. On 20 September Rossetti wrote: "I am getting towards a finish with my poem, which will be about 150 stanzas, and makes three parts." And three days later: "I have finished *Rose Mary*—3 parts, 160 stanzas" (Letters and Memoir, II, 246,

247). In the final version the stanzas of Part I were increased to 56, and of the whole to 166. The Beryl Songs were added later.

The rapidity of composition was no doubt aided by his having by him a "cartoon" or sketch of the whole story; but this outline is not divided into parts, and at the date of the first letter he was not entirely clear how the later portion would develop. The fragment of this cartoon, printed below (pp. 97 ff.) is of no little interest as an illustration of method. For convenience the parallel stanzas of the finished poem are placed alongside the prose, on opposite pages, with italics to show words and phrases taken over.

9. Three notes. The first ("Seek thine ideal anywhere except . . .") and the second ("Could I have seen the thing . . .") are printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 607. The third was used for the sonnet 'Transfigured Life,' *The House of Life*, No. LX:

As the features of a child recall now the father and now the mother, and yet are different from both; so in a work may be traced in a new form this or that passion or experience of the author's life, though all be turned to a fresh purpose.

10. One-half page, 'The Love Philtre,' printed in *Collected Works* 1, 442, and *The Works*, 1911, p. 617, as 'The Philtre.'

11. Two and a half pages, 'Michael Scott's Wooing,' printed *ibid.*, 1, 439 f. and p. 616.

12. A loose half-sheet of note paper ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  x 7 in.),

not a part of the Note Book, containing a prose fragment divided as for five stanzas, commencing: "How Sir Lancelot was made a Knight"; printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 587.



UNPUBLISHED VERSE AND PROSE





## TWO ITALIAN SONNETS<sup>1</sup>

O bocca che nell' ora del compenso  
 Tante volte baciai, et tante volte  
 Sentii da te, con mille voti accolte,  
 Quelle parole d' immortal consense:—  
 O possa dei tuoi baci il sacro incenso  
 Ravvolager sempre in nuvole più folte  
 Le antiche tante omai larve sepolte,  
 Empiendo il ciel del nostro amore immenso!  
 Vieni, beata bocca, O vieni ancora!  
 Pensando a te, l' amor da te disìa  
 Dolce rugiada in ben rosata via.  
 Non sei tu quella in cui ora ed ogni ora  
 Io vivo sol,—cui sol nell' alma mia  
 La vita, e la morte, e l' amore, adora?

4. Quelle parole d'] Parole [?—] d'un      immortal  
     consenso] immortale assenso  
 6. Ravvolager] Nasconder      più folte] disciolte  
 7. omai larve sepolte] paure insepolte  
 10. Pensando a te] Lunge da te  
 12. ed ogni] e tutt'

O bocca che nell' ora del disìo  
 Tante volte guardai e tenri pace,—  
 Che i tanti spirti dell' occhio tenace  
 Bacciar tutt' ora, e mai il labbro mio,—  
 Ahi da te te bocca, che piacer vogl' io  
 O che speranza che non sia fallace,—  
 Qual tuo sorriso, dimmi se ti piace,  
 E quai parole, per l' amor di Dio?

<sup>1</sup> See VIII, p. 7 above.

Deh povera speranza! e come vuoi  
 Raggiungere il piacer con ale avorte  
 Alle gemelle sorridenti porte?  
 Ogni parola che verrebbe poi  
 Più amorosa ah! più saria per noi  
 Radice del silenzio della morte.

TO MARY, IN SUMMER<sup>1</sup>

Lay thine head here, Mary,  
 Lay thine head here,  
 While the long grass, Mary,  
 With timid voice and wary,  
 Sings in thine ear:—  
 The grass which round thee, Mary,  
 Shuts like a nest;  
 By thy dear limbs, dear Mary,  
 Lighter than limbs of Faëry,  
 Daintily prest.  
 Back with it all though, Mary,  
 Back and aside;  
 For the wind comes this way, Mary,  
 And the tossing trees are airy,  
 And the skies are wide.  
 Why so grave, Mary,  
 Bashful and grave?—  
 When God's strong Summer, Mary,  
 To doubt and gloom contrary,  
 Leaps and is brave.

<sup>1</sup> See xvii, p. 11 above.

What fear is in thine eyes, Mary,  
Tender and soft?  
I love to see them, Mary,  
In whimsical vagary  
Lifted aloft.

Mary, Mary, Mary,  
Laugh in my face:  
Meseemeth, my own Mary,  
No eyes can laugh so rarely  
In any place.

Reach me thine hand, Mary,  
Reach me thine hand;  
In town and plain and prairie  
There is none whiter, Mary,  
From land to land.

Thy lips to my lips, Mary,  
Thy lips to mine:  
High up in Hebe's dairy  
No milk so sweet, my Mary,  
On earth no wine.

White thy cheek waxeth, Mary,  
And red by turns.  
Why should the lips be chary  
Of that to give which, Mary,  
The heart so yearns?

Deem thou no shame, my Mary,  
Deem thou no wrong;

'Tis the sun warms us, Mary,  
And love is hard to weary  
When the days are long.

14 CONCENTRED COMPANIONSHIP<sup>1</sup>

Look at me: do not turn away thy face  
That smiles and is so quiet; for my mind  
Is weary: I have sought but cannot find  
A rest in any thoughts or any place  
In all the world, but here I now can trace  
The gold light thro' thy hair, which thou un-  
bind [?]  
. . . . . and half make me blind  
To any other thing except thy grace.  
Oh that thou couldst be ever with me so,—  
A few words of thy voice and the soft heaving  
Of thy close-covered bosom lulling me  
Even from myself: that I might ever see  
Thy forehead and thine eyelids with this glow  
Of love self-conscious half, and all-believing.

2. That is so bright and happy
4. A rest] Quiet
5. but here I now can] for still the living
6. Of thy dear looks, for still thy speeches bind
7. Me to thine image. (*The correction is illegible; it appears to be: That thy face [altered to thine eyes] be in shadow.*)
8. thing except] object but
9. Oh that thou couldst] I think thou wilt
10. A few words] The music
12. might] shall

<sup>1</sup> See XXI, p. 14 above.

## 18 A LONG ROAD, BUT WITH AN END

He told me that his love had never won  
 A smile from her, or even a kind look;  
 He asked me if his spirit ought to brook  
 Such scorning after all that he had done.  
 I said: "Look at the sky before the sun  
 With his great glory has put to rebuke  
 The stars and moon; before the clouds that shook  
 Duskiness down upon the earth are gone.  
 This will not last; and, even as they do  
 When sunbeams frighten them, believe me, will  
 The doubts because of which your better thought  
 Is beaten backward now; surely some new  
 Knowledge of your long patience will o'erfill  
 Her heart one day, and all the past be nought."

1. that] all] that
3. asked me if] told me that    ought to] scarce could
8. are] have
9. This will not last] Think on this well  
     they] we] they
10. sunbeams] his beams
11. Thy rivals, for whom now thy timid thought
12. Is beaten down and backward; and the new
13. your] thy
14. Her heart: 'tis one that must be loved,—not bought."

## 19 ONE WITH TWO SHADOWS

I thought of her face who is gone so far:  
 And the thought passing over,—to fall thence  
 Seemed like a fall from spirit into sense  
 Or from the Heaven of Heavens to a mere star.

God and mine own self have ordained the bar  
 'Twixt her and me: so that if going hence  
 I met her, I should know it was a dense  
 Film of the brain—just nought, as phantoms are.  
 Now, when I passed your threshold, and came in,  
 And glanced where you were sitting, and did see  
 Your tresses in these braids and your hands  
 thus,—  
 I knew that other figure, grieved and thin,  
 That seemed there and that *was* there, could not  
 be,  
 Though it stood like God's wrath betwixen us.

- 1. gone so] very
- 9. your] thy
- 10. you were] thou wert
- 11. Your . . . your] thy . . . thy
- 13. seemed] appeared] seemed  
 that (*above the line*)

## 20 A BLOOM IN HOPE'S GARDEN

I came upon her looking in the glass  
 Her friends were gone, but she remained at home:  
 I paused upon the threshold; there was some  
 Awe in my heart, before I dared to pass  
 Into her chamber, as the sultry grass  
 Feels a cool wind upon it, or the dome  
 Of Holy Peter's Church that is in Rome  
 Up among angels:—even so I was.  
 As I half moved, she turned; and I gained hope  
 From the smile in her eyes like a sweet dream

Of what is good and gentle put in rhyme  
 By some young passionate poet: here the scope  
 Was reached of all my life, what did but seem  
 Before I knew it now and for all time.

2. When all her lady-friends were gone from home
9. half moved] passed in] half stirred
12. passionate] wooing here the scope] the full scope
13. Of all my life, I saw was gained; that beam
14. Within her eyes nor change could quench nor time.

## 22 FRUIT FROM HOPE'S GARDEN

I still stood pausing:—with a smile she rose  
 Speaking some words in her most gentle tone  
 Of voice—that voice so musical which none  
 Can equal—with a hushed, serene repose  
 Of love about her, like a flame that goes  
 Intensely burning up: not love alone  
 But certainty of faith within her shone  
 Even as a bride's or as an angel's does.  
 She knew the pulses of the heart of him  
 Who stood before her; she knew all his life  
 Which is his love;—(I tell this, friend, to you,  
 But to none other);—her great eyes were dim  
 With fainting passion and the woman's strife  
 'Twixt wish and will that made me tremble  
 thro'.

6. Burning aloft to heaven: the heart alone
7. Gave her that look of faith which in
11. Which is] And all
13. fainting] heavy

## 24 THE STEEL'S TEMPER THAT IS COLD

Her glances rested on me with a show  
 Of kindness and complacence, but too cool  
 And compassed; 'twas as if the line and rule  
 Had marked: "Thus far, no farther, shalt thou go."  
 A feeling came on me some little wo  
 But more of pity; for I felt how dull  
 And hollow are the precepts of that school  
 Which gibbets love and hate and makes a row  
 Of poor half-passions virtue. In her laugh  
 There was an aching jingle, and for whom  
 This laugh was meant she herself knew not;  
 hand  
 Was calmly [...] crossed with hand: an epitaph  
 Her smooth words seemed writ on the whited  
 tomb  
 We wot of: and her love was mapped and  
 planned.

5. some little] that once was

6. more of] now was

8. gibbets] exiles

9-14. With a laugh

(A laugh how forced!) she asked me then for  
 whom

Those sweet flowers were she saw within my hand.  
 She knew it! That laugh was the epitaph  
 Of all my passion:—there within its tomb  
 It lies which falseness made and falseness planned.



## 33 ON ONE CONDITION

I think I should not think upon her now:

But then I have stood with others listening

And watched her rose-breath'd life while she did  
sing;

And I can scarcely yet imagine how

I ever should forget her stately brow

Or her sloped breast that was so grand a thing.

There is a deal of weary blood-running

When from the heart one strives to tear a vow.

And yet perhaps—even as you tell me—soon

Her spirit of my spirit will leave hold,

And when I hear her tread, I shall not blush

Doubly, for love and shame. But then the moon

Will certainly be up, and Death will fold

Her hair round me, and God will whisper Hush.

2. listening] in a ring

5. forget her stately] despise her holy

## 34 THE BLOOD'S WINTER

The end is come. However much I strive

I fail, and so the end is come. I do think

Sometimes tho' even yet before I sink

By mine own deed to death and my soul dive

Not knowing whither down, I still alive

Shall find out but when just on the mere brink

Of the world's end, that one, that unknown link

To bind her soul to mine. No, let me drive

These thoughts away! God, too, I know will sever

Our souls, even there: for she'll be in the full

House of his Saints, at peace; but I not so.  
 [Oh God!] I am quite sure that I shall never  
 See her again! that mine own hands will pull  
 Me down from her! No, much remains to know.

12. *The correction is illegible.*

*The first form of the sonnet is as follows:*

I shall not conquer, much as I may strive,  
 For 'tis myself I'd conquer. Oh to think  
 That in some moment yet before I sink  
 For ever into death and my soul dive  
 Down without knowing whither, ere it rive  
 The chains that bind it fast on to the brink  
 Of the world's end, some strange and unknown link  
 Of feeling she now dreams not of may drive  
 Her heart on towards me! God, I know, will sever  
 Our souls, even then: she'll fly up to the full  
 House of his Saints, all crowned; but I shall not.  
 Oh God! Oh God! To think that I shall never  
 See her again! that mine own hands will pull  
 Me down from her! My eyes burn and are hot.

14. burn and are] feel burned and

### 35 THE CLOUD BEFORE THE STORM

But before going out, she took her stand  
 At the wide door, and struck him with her hate  
 Full on the cheek; and the scorn did not bate  
 Nor the strength failed an instant. With one hand  
 She heaped her fallen tresses in their band,  
 And with the other, turning, closed the gate

And he felt as men feel when some strange Fate  
 Beateth its wings over the sea and land  
 Till the air dies. Though he may not endure  
 Therefore fear always; yet hath he felt such  
 Look you, in secret. Think, and you shall find  
 That in no life there is a peril *sure*;  
 But that the one to be feared most—yea, much,—  
 Is what a woman keeps in her calm mind.

- 2. him] me
- 7. he] I
- 9. Though . . . endure] It was exceeding poor
- 10. And mean of me, I know, to yield in such
- 11. A shaken dread. But think, and thou shalt find
- 14. keeps] hoards

### 36 A SOUL SINGING

I held my breath and listened to her song:  
 I knew the words how well, for they were those  
 The first I heard her sing; and a repose,  
 Almost a trance, was on me, while the long  
 Unbroken harmony came slow and strong,  
 Life in a grand Church mu[. . .] near its close  
 And still it rose and sank and sank and rose  
 And rose up like a flame. Meseemed that wrong  
 Must pause while she was singing, and that whom  
 The true life was gone out of being rid  
 Of love and truth, must feel that it is all  
 Pretence, they gone [?]; but that, tho' in the tomb  
 Shut down and nailed beneath the coffin-lid,  
 They would live and rise up if Love should call.

*The alterations are numerous and evidently not completely worked out, some not legible. The first version reads:*

I held my breath and listened to her song:  
 The sounds flowed from her lips as sweet as those  
 Which Angels sing to God; and a repose,  
 Almost a trance, fell on me, while the long  
 Unbroken harmony came quick and strong,  
 As it is in the Church when the Priest shows  
 Christ's body to his worshippers:—it rose  
 And rose up to the sky. Meseemed that wrong  
 Must pause while she was singing, and that whom  
 Hope had forsaken, as if they were rid  
 Quite of her, must then feel that Love o'er all  
 The world will triumph; that, tho' in the tomb  
 Darkly shut down beneath the coffin-lid  
 They will live and rise up when he shall call.

#### 40 HAPPY AND THANKFUL

There is a new glory on all the land;  
 All things seem bright to me, as when, a door  
 Being opened, he who gazes sees before  
 His eyes strong light tho' he in darkness stand:  
 The sky is very broad and very grand  
 Above my head, even as when first it bore  
 The sun leaping from out it; o'er and o'er  
 My lips half pray and hand half clasps with hand.  
 She should be with me now, shedding on all  
 A something holy, like the crown a Saint  
 Has round her temples, or a sun glow on  
 Iced rocks in the blue North when their peaks fall

And become water; for my soul is faint  
At seeing all this glory thus alone.

3. he who gazes] one looks in and  
11. a sunglow on] the glow of the iced  
12. Iced rocks] Masses  
13, 14. Down into water 'neath the sun; with faint  
Prayers and awed eyes she'd thank Lord Jesus  
Christ.

#### 44 THE ONE DARK SHADE

The grass she sat amidst was very green  
And the sky over her was broad and blue;  
The waves far off were not of any hue  
That you could say for sure you yet had seen,  
Dark here, blue there, with ever-changing sheen;  
And all around there stretched out to her view  
The trees waving which breezes seems to woo  
To speak of old past things that once had been.  
God's earth brightened about her, as was fit;  
Yet from its depths her soul ceased not to pine  
Hurrying to and fro like a sere leaf  
That whirls hither and thither in the whine  
Of Autumn's hunting winds: where she did sit  
There was a holy space shadowed by grief.

4. for sure you yet had] your eyes had ever  
10. from its depths her soul] her soul from its depths

THREEFOLD HOMAGE<sup>1</sup>

Was I most born to paint your sovereign face,  
 Or most to sing it, or most to love it, dear?  
 Full sweet the hope that unborn eye and ear  
 Through me may guess the secret of your grace.  
 Yet ah! neath every picture might I trace  
 And note beside each song: "Let none think here  
 To breathe indeed this beauty's atmosphere,  
 To apprehend this body or soul's embrace!"  
 Faint shadow of you at best I weave; except  
 That innermost image all unseen, which still  
 Proves me at heart your beauty's crowned adept.  
 Yet was this nought, our hope's high days to fill—  
 That o'er us, while we kissed, with answering thrill,  
 Two Muses held Love's hands, and smiled, and  
 wept?

*The various alterations may be observed in the facsimile opposite. The following collation is only partial:*

4. may] might] should
5. Yet fain neath song and (or) picture must (would)  
 I trace
6. This speech (Give these words): Ah gazer(s), lis-  
 tener(s), think not here
7. To breath this beauty's rapturous
12. Yet] And      high] high dowered      to fill] to fulfill
13. o'er] near
- 5, 6 *are recopied at bottom of sheet:*  
 Yet ah] Alas      every] song and

<sup>1</sup> See xxiii, p. 17 above.







## ON MARY'S PORTRAIT

WHICH I PAINTED SIX YEARS AGO<sup>1</sup>

Why yes: she looks as then she looked;  
There is not any difference;  
She was even so on that old time  
Which has been here but is gone hence.  
Gaze hard, and she shall seem to stir;  
Till the greeneth, looking shadier  
As her white arm parts it and cleaves,  
Does homage with its bowing leaves.  
And yet the earth is over her.

It seems to me unnatural  
And a thing much to wonder on,  
As though mine image in the glass  
Should tarry when myself am gone.  
While her mere semblance (I would say)  
Has for its room, from May to May,  
The open sunwarm library  
Where her friends read and think, is she  
In the dark always, choked with clay?

It is not often I can read  
When I sit here; for then her cheek  
Seems to lean on me, and her breath  
To make my stooping forehead weak  
Again; and I can feel again  
Her hand on my hand quickly lain  
Whenever I would turn the leaf,  
Bidding me wait for her; and brief  
And light, her laugh comes to me then.

<sup>1</sup> See xxvi, Note Book, II, I, p. 26 above.

So that I gaze round from my chair  
To see her portrait where it stands;  
As it would smile me strength, or hold  
Out patience to me with its hands.  
Alas! it hath no smile: the brow,  
Once joyous, is grown stately now;  
And if I look into the eyes  
I think they are quite calm and wise;  
For while the world moves, she knows how.

I mind the time I painted it.  
Drinking in Keats—or Hunt mayhap,—  
Half down a yellow dell, warm, soft  
And hollowed, like a lady's lap,  
(A golden cup of summer-heat  
She called it once) I lay: my feet  
Covered in the high grass. And through  
My soul the music went, and grew  
Solemn, and made my rest complete.

I was as calm as silence. I  
Do think, perchance, when Spring comes back  
Leaving, along the path it treads,  
Flowers, like a water-fowl's bright track,—  
That some such quiet warmth may creep  
About her in her heavy sleep;  
Till her shut senses half unclose,  
Being part of Nature, and she knows  
What time one cometh there to weep.

So as I lay, I set my book  
Down, with some grass between its leaves

To mark the place; and then fell back  
And thought. Sometimes the mind receives  
At such a moment that deep lore  
Which wise men have toiled vainly for;  
There comes a sudden voice that saith  
Only one word, taking the breath;  
And a hand pusheth ope the door.

But my soul tottered, being drunk  
With the sunshine in which its thoughts  
Floated like atoms; and my feet  
Stumbled along the mystic courts.  
So I waxed weary, and did bend  
My spirit but to apprehend  
The beauty of the heard and seen—  
The water-noise and the strong green;  
And wondered if those things would end.

Fronting me was a shade of trees  
Through whose thick tops the light fell in  
Hardly at all; a covert place,  
Where you might think to find a din  
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame  
Wandering, and many a shape whose name  
Not itself knoweth, and wet dew,  
And red-mouthed damsels meeting you.  
It was through those trees that she came.

Her hands were lifted to put back  
The branches from her path; her head,  
With its long tresses gathered up,  
Looked cool and nymphlike in the shade

That reached her waist; but the white dress  
Beneath was yellow with the press  
    Of sunshine; and her soundless feet  
    Seemed to move heavily for heat;  
And the low boughs fell round her face.

Scarcely a moment in the porch  
    Of that dim house of leaves she stood;  
Her face and shoulders, coming thence,  
    Shook off the shadows like a hood.  
Then, as she walked past through the noon,  
She saw where I was stretched; and down  
    From the broad bosom's slope, her eyes  
    Smiled to me in a kind surprise:  
She came near with her rustling gown.

(So, along some grass-bank in Heaven,  
    Mary the Virgin, going by,  
Seeth her servant Rafaël  
    Laid in warm silence happily;  
Being but a little lovelier  
Since he hath reached the eternal year.  
    She smiles; and he, as though she spoke,  
    Feels thanked; and from his lifted toque  
His curls fall as he bends to her.)

How long we sat there, who shall say?  
    There was no Time while we sat there.  
But I remember that we found  
    Very few words, and that our hair  
Had to be untangled when we rose.  
The day was burning to its close:

This side and that, like molten walls  
The skies stood round; at intervals  
Swept with long weary flights of crows.

Early the morrow's morn, I went  
Full of most noble memories  
Unto my task; and painted her  
Outstepping from the clustered trees.  
I moved not till the work was grand,  
Whole, and complete. You understand,  
I mean my thought was all expressed  
In that one morning: for the rest—  
Mere matters of the eye and hand.

These being finished, I showed her  
What I had done: and when she saw  
Herself there, opposite herself,  
She marvelled with a kind of awe.  
And bending back her head to see  
The whole great figure perfectly,  
Her sweet face fell into my breast,  
And remained, knowing its own rest,  
And with grave eyes looked up to me.

Your pardon,—I have wearied you;  
To you these things are cold and dead;  
But I look round and see nought else  
Alive. Yea, Time weigheth like lead  
Upon my soul. Do you not think  
That where the world shelves to the brink  
Of that long stream whose waters flow  
Hence some strange whither, I may now  
Kneel, and stoop in my mouth, and drink?

FOUR PAGES FROM NOTE BOOK III<sup>1</sup>

'Mid [With] water-daisies and wild waif of spring.<sup>2</sup>

There where the iris rears its gold-crowned sheaf  
With flowering rush and sceptered arrow-leaf.<sup>3</sup>

(To Art.) I loved thee ere I loved a woman, Love.<sup>4</sup>

Down on his silence the moon gazed  
Dumb from the unmeasured dome;  
And as each gulf-scooped wave rang home  
With hoary crest upraised,  
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed  
Amid the champing foam.

(MICHAEL SCOTT)<sup>5</sup>

It seemed that through the forest boughs in flight  
The wind swooped onward brandishing the light.<sup>6</sup>

Or like a wisp that laughs upon the wall.<sup>7</sup>

My world, my work, my woman all my own—  
What face but thine has taught me all that art  
Can be and still be Nature's counterpart?

<sup>1</sup> See xxvii, 1, p. 38 above.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. 'Gracious Moonlight,' *The House of Life*, No. xx, l. 9.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. the same sonnet, ll. 10, 11.

<sup>4</sup> Printed in *Collected Works*, 1, 378 and *The Works*, 1911, p. 240.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. the prose synopsis sketch, 'Michael Scott's Wooing,' in *Collected Works*, 1, 439 and *The Works*, 1911, p. 616. Cf. also the stanza with the same title, in a different meter, in *The Works*, 1911, p. 214.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. 'Ardour and Memory,' *The House of Life*, No. LXIV, ll. 10, 11.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. 'The Trees of the Garden,' *The House of Life*, No. LXXXIX, l. 4.

What form but thine within one bosom's zone  
 Unto my star-beseeching eyes has shown  
 The zodiac of all beauty?<sup>1</sup>

To God at last, to Chance at worst,  
 Give thanks for good things from thy soul.<sup>2</sup>  
 Sphinx-faced with unabashed augury.<sup>3</sup>

---

Though all the rest go by  
 Ditties & dirges of the unanswering sky.<sup>4</sup>  
 For this can love, & does love, & loves me  
 (For this can love, & does, & loves but me)  
 A test for love. In every kiss sealed fast  
 To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.<sup>5</sup>

As one who falls asleep on a hill, and waking sees  
 sunset as he thinks in the sky and forebodes a dark-  
 ling night to travel further, but as the light widens,  
 finds that it is the dawn of a new day—&c.

And heavenly things in your eyes have place  
 Those breaks of sky in the twilight face.

Aye, we'll shake hands, though scarce for love, we  
 two;

<sup>1</sup> This stanza appears also in Mr. Wise's Note Book II (The Ashley Catalogue, viii, 179) save that there is a blank for 'star-beseeching' and a question-mark at the end.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. 'Soothsay,' stanza 13.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. 'The Trees of the Garden,' l. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. 'Ardour and Memory,' *The House of Life*, No. LXIV, l. 14.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. 'True Woman,' iii, 'Her Heaven,' *The House of Life*, No. LVIII, ll. 13, 14.





An ant sting's prickly at first  
But the pain soon dies away;  
A gnat sting's worse the next day;  
But a wasp 'tis stings the worst.<sup>1</sup>

inexplicable blight  
And mad revulsion of the tarnished light<sup>2</sup>

His face, in Fortune's favour sunn'd  
Was radiantly rubicund<sup>3</sup>

the bitter stage of life  
Where friend and foe are parts alternated<sup>4</sup>

some [that] last  
Wild pageant of the accumulated past  
Which clangs and flashes for a drowning man<sup>5</sup>

With airs new-fledged & valorous lusts of morn<sup>6</sup>

All that he *might* do rushed through his soul—passion and wrongdoing and despotic will, as with wide eye fixed and his proud and scarcely quivering mouth half hidden in his beard, he acted it through his soul and cast it out.

(Cup of Water)<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 243.

<sup>2</sup> Printed *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Printed *ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 242.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. 'The Soul's Sphere,' *The House of Life*, No. LXII, ll. 12-14.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Ardour and Memory,' l. 7.

<sup>1</sup> This is apparently a detail for the projected poem; cf. the prose outline in *The Works*, 1911, p. 615.

a face that like a governing star  
Gathers and garners from all things that are  
Their silent penetrative loveliness.<sup>1</sup>

The glass stands empty of all things it knew.<sup>2</sup>

O thou whose name, being alone, aloud  
I utter oft, and though thou art not there,  
Toward thine imaged presence kiss the air

I saw the love which was [is] my life flow past  
'Twixt shadowed reaches like a murmuring stream  
I was awake—and lo! it was a dream<sup>3</sup>

Or give ten years of life's most bitter wane  
To see the loved one as she was again<sup>4</sup>

And of the cup of human agony  
Enough to fill the sea

Even as the moon grows clearer on the sky  
While the sky darkens, & her Venus-star  
Thrills with a keener radiance from afar<sup>5</sup>

imperial car  
And purple-dyed paludament of war.  
(emperor's cloak—paludamentum)<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Gracious Moonlight,' *The House of Life*, No. xx, ll. 6-9.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. 'Without Her,' *The House of Life*, No. LIII, ll. 1, 2.

<sup>3</sup> The third line was added in pencil.

<sup>4</sup> Two variants of this line are to be found in the unfinished sonnet first published in *Modern Language Notes* XLIV (1929) 283 f., from the Bancroft manuscripts.

<sup>5</sup> Rossetti wrote first 'morn' and then altered the *r* to *o* in pencil. Printed as above in *The Works*, 1911, p. 244.

<sup>6</sup> Printed *ibid.* After the fourth fragment is the line: 'La maestria di Michelangiolo'; and after the eighth line: 'Oltretomba Qualchecosa?'—beneath which, in pencil: 'E chi ne dici? Saremo felici?'

NOTES FOR 'SOOTHSAY'<sup>1</sup>

A friend is a welcome character in the drama of life: an enemy is a second character, not unexpected, and to whom no reasonable objection can be raised. But when the 2 parts run into each other, then it is time to drop the curtain.

An artist often hates his own best work in the same way as an envious soul hates the great works of others: it is equally a perpetual reproach.<sup>2</sup>

Keep thy works equal. If not thou shalt come to hate &c.<sup>3</sup>

A slanderous satirist should [must] indeed have a deal of contempt in his nature; since he has to find enough for others over and above the amount he must secretly allot to himself.<sup>4</sup>

Art thou a slanderous satirist? Then lay up stores of contempt, for beyond all thou must give to others thou wilt secretly need a store for thyself.<sup>5</sup>

Remember as the waifs cast up by the sea changes with the changing season, so the tides of the soul may throw up their changing drift on the sand: but the sea beyond should be [is] one for ever.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See xxvii, 2, pp. 38 f. above.

<sup>2</sup> Another version of this is printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 636.

<sup>3</sup> This was written in pencil below and to the right of the above.

<sup>4</sup> Printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 636.

<sup>5</sup> This was written immediately beneath in pencil.

<sup>6</sup> "Remember" was written, later, slantwise in the margin over "As the waifs. . . ."

The memory of past pleasure in pain brings a sting  
at first but afterwards a salve.

There are certain passionate [ ? ] phases of the soul  
when to know a thing true and to believe it are found  
two separate things.

Was it thy friend or foe that spread these lies?—  
Nay, who but infants question in such wise?  
'Twas one of my most intimate enemies.<sup>1</sup>

#### RIME WORDS FOR 'GOD'S GRAAL'<sup>2</sup>

##### Brood

Widowhood	Interlude	Aptitude
Likelihood	Quietude	Inaptitude
Livelihood	Disquietude	Promptitude
Lustihood	Desuetude	Certitude
Brotherhood	Mansuetude	Incertitude
Sisterhood	Consuetude	Fortitude
Neighbourhood	Habitude	Attitude
Hardihood	Solicitude	Servitude
Knightlihood	Longitude	
Lordlihood	Similitude	
Underwood	Solitude	
	Amplitude	
	Plentitude	
	Magnitude	
	Infinitude	
	Finitude	

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *The Works*, 1911, p. 241, where there are other fragments probably intended for the same poem.

<sup>2</sup> See xxviii, 1, 2, pp. 41 ff. above.

Decrepitude  
 Torpitude  
 Turpitude  
 Lassitude  
 Necessitude  
 Vicissitude  
 Beatitude  
 Latitude  
 Gratitude  
 Ingratitude  
 Rectitude  
 Attitude  
 Multitude

Unwithstood

#### NOTES FOR 'GOD'S GRAAL'

1. Guenevere daughter of King Leodegrance of Cameliard. [III, i]
2. Merlin warned King Arthur before his marriage that Lancelot should love her and she him again. [III, i]
3. Leodegrance gave as her dowry the table round the [?] which Uther pendragan gave him; and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. He gave an hundred knights with it, but fifty had been slain in his days. [III, i]
4. They rode freshly with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till they came that night to London. [III, i]
5. Gawaine and Tor were knighted at King Arthur's wedding. [IV, v]

6. Lancelot son of King Ban of Benwicke and Queen Elein. His first name was Galahad and he was confirmed Lancelot. [iv, i]
7. Merlin lies beneath a stone  
For all the craft that he hath done. [iv, i]
8. Bagdemagus found "a branch of an holy herb that was the sign of the Sancgreall; and no knight found such tokens but he were a good liver." [iv, v]
9. Morgan le Fay wife of King Urience. [iv, vi]
10. Queen Guenevere held him in great favour damozels all the days of his life, and for her above all other knights, and certainly he loved the Queene again above all other knights and he did many great deeds of arms, and saved her from the fire through his noble chivalry. [vi, i]
11. A hermit came and saw the siege perilous, and asked why that siege was void, and was answered, "There shall never none sit in that siege but one, but if he be destroyed." And the hermit said, "This same year he shall be gotten that shall sit in that siege perilous, and he shall win the Sancgreall." [xi, i]
12. Sir Pelles, King of the foreign country and nigh cousin to Joseph of Arimathy. His castle the castle of Carbonek.<sup>1</sup> [xi, ii]
13. Anon there came in a dove at a window, and in her bill a little censer of gold, and therewithal there was such a savour as all the spicery of the world had been there. So there came a dam-

<sup>1</sup> "His . . . Carbonek" between the lines.

ozel, passing fair and young, and she bare a vessel of gold between her hands. "This is," said King Pelles, "the richest thing that any man hath living; and when this thing goeth about, the round table shall be broken. [xi, ii]

14. (note) The saint graal, or holy dish, was the vessel in which the paschal lamb was placed at our saviour's last supper; and which Joseph of Arimathea preserved and brought with him to Britain.
15. Dame Brison said to King Pelles: "I shall make him to lie with your daughter Elaine and he shall not wit but that he lieth with Queen Guenevere." Then a man brought him a ring from Queen Guenevere, like as he had come from her, and such as one for the most part as she was wont to wear. And when Sir Lancelot saw that token, wit ye well he was never so fain. [xi, ii]
16. Lancelot was on the point of slaying Elaine when he discovered the deception. [xi, iii]
17. Galahad was so named because Sir Lancelot was so named at the font stone, and after that the lady of the Lake confirmed him Sir Lancelot du Lac. [xi, iii]
18. Sir Bors visited King Pelles when Galahad was an infant, and was fed with the Sancgreall. And there was a maiden that bore the Sancgreall and she said openly, This child is Galahad that shall sit in the siege perilous and shall achieve the Sancgreall. [xi, iv]

19. Great light as it were a summer light. An altar of silver with four pillows, and a table of silver. [xi, vi]
20. Sir Lancelot would clatter in his sleep and speak oft of his lady Queen Guenevere. [xl, viii]
21. As he was lying the second time with Elaine (by deceit for Guenevere) Guenevere heard him talk in his sleep from the next room, and woke him by coughing, after which he leaped up knowing her voice, and she met him at the door and told him never again to come in her sight. So he swooned and after leaped out at a window, and ran forth he wist not whither and was wild wood as ever was man. And so he ran two years and never man might have grace to know him. [xi, viii]
22. And Sir Bors said to Q. Guenevere: "Fie upon your weeping, for ye weep never but when there is no boot." [xi, ix]
23. Sir Bors, Sir Ector and Sir Lynnell, his kinsmen, sought him well<sup>1</sup> nigh a quarter of a year, endlong and overthwart in many places, in forests in wildernesses and in ways, and oftentimes were evil lodged for his sake. [xi, x]
24. Sir Percivale and Sir Ector, not knowing each other, fight and are both nearly slain. Right so there came by the holy vessel of the sancgreall with all manner of sweetness and savour, and Sir Percival had a glimmering of that vessel and of

<sup>1</sup> "well" above the line.



the maiden that bore it, for he was a perfect clean maid. "So God me help," said Sir P. "I saw a damosell as methought all in white with a vessel in both her hands and forthwithal I was whole." [XI, xiv]

25. Lancelot suffered and endured many sharp showers and lived by fruit and such as he might get and drank water two year. [XII, i]
26. Many gowns given at a knightng. [XII, iv]
27. Lancelot taken to King Pelles' Castle and recognized by Elaine and healed of his madness by the Sancgreall. [XII, iv]
28. Called himself Le Chevalier mal-fait, the Knight that hath trespassed, and dwelt in Joyous-isle. There Sir L. let make him a shield all of sables, and a queen crowned in the midst all of silver and a knight clean armed kneeling before her, and every day once he would look towards the realm of Logris where Q. G. was, and then he would fall a weeping. [XII, vi]
29. Galahad knighted at 15 by Lancelot. [XIII, i]
30. The sieges of the round table all about written with letters of gold, "here ought to sit he" and "he ought to sit here"; and in the siege perilous letters neatly [?] written of gold that said, "Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord I. C. ought this siege to be fulfilled." This was on the feast of Pentecost. [XIII, ii]

31. A sword sticking in a stone which hove<sup>1</sup> on the water<sup>1</sup> which Lancelot said he could not draw out and "wit ye well that this same day will the adventures of the Sancgreall begin." The doors and windows shut by themselves but the hall not greatly darkened. [XIII, ii, iii]
32. Letters writ in the siege perilous,—“This is the siege of Sir Galahad the good knight.” Sir Galahad draws out the sword which was the sword with which Sir Balin le Savage slew his brother Balan. [XIII, iv, v]
33. A damsel comes and says to Lancelot “Your great doings be changed sith today in the morning.” [XIII, v]
34. Jesserance—a jacket of light plate armour. [XIII, vi]
35. Lancelot came of the 8th degree from our Lord I. C. and Sir Galahad of the 9th. [XIII, vii]
36. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, and in the midst of the blast entered a sunbeam more clear by 7 times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. (Pentecost.) And either saw other fairer than ever they saw afore, and they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the holy grail covered with White Samite, but there was none might see it nor who bare it, and there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours

<sup>1</sup> “which . . . water” above the line.

and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in this world. [XIII, vii]

37. Gawaine first proposes the quest, and Arthur says—Ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of Knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world. Sir Gawaine ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet more here again. [XIII, vii, viii]
38. 150 knights took the quest of the S. G. [XIII, viii]
39. Guenevere bids Lancelot god-speed. [XII, viii]
40. Galahad has a white<sup>1</sup> shield given him on which Joseph of Arimathy had made a cross with his own blood. [XIII, ix, xi]
41. Just before Sir Lancelot's sleep, he and Sir Percivale are smitten down by Galahad. [XIII, xvii]
42. But Sir Lancelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and had no path but as wild adventure led him, and at last he came unto a stone cross which departed 2 ways in waste land. And by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir L. might not well know what it was. Then Sir L. looked by him and saw an old chapel and there he weened to have found people. And so Sir L. tied his horse to a tree and there he put off his shield and hung it upon a tree, and then he went unto the chapel door and found it wasted and broken.

<sup>1</sup> "white" above the line.

And within he found a fair altar full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a fair candlestick which bare 6 great candles and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir L. saw this light he had a great will for to enter into the chapel but he could find no place where he might enter. Then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came again to his horse and took off his bridle and saddle and let him pasture, and unlaced his helm and ungirded his sword and laid him down to sleep upon his shield before the cross. And so he fell on sleep and half waking and half sleeping he saw &c. He was overtaken with sin that he had no power to arise against the holy vessel. [xiii, xvii, xviii]

43. Then anon Sir Lancelot awaked and sat himself upright and bethought him what he had there seen and whether it were dreams or not. Right so he heard a voice that said—Sir Lancelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the leaf of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence and withdraw thee from this holy place. [xiii, xviii, xix]
44. There he said: When I sought worldly adventures and worldly desires, I ever achieved them and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfited in no quarrel were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the

adventures of holy things, and now I see that my old sin hindreth me and shameth me so that I had no power to stir or speak when the holy blood appeared before me. So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls of the air sing; then was he somewhat comforted. [XIII, xix]

45. Sir Lancelot confesses to a hermit all his life and how he had loved a queen unmeasurably many years,—and all the great deeds of arms that I have done I did the most part for the queen's sake, and for her sake would I do battle were it right or wrong, and never did I battle all only for God's sake. [XIII, xix, xx]
46. Also Merlin made the round table in token of the roundness of the world. [xiv, ii]<sup>1</sup>
47. The Sancgreall which is the secret thing of the Lord Jesu Christ. [xvii, xx(?)]
48. Sir Ector has a vision in which he sees Sir Lancelot at a well, but when he stooped to drink of that water, the water sank from him. [xvi, ii]
49. Lancelot has a vision of the Sancgreall before the chamber containing it in the Castle of Corbonek. [xvii, xv]
50. Lancelot's sin had lasted for 24 years. [xvii, xvi]
51. "Now shall very knights be fed, and the holy meat be parted." [xvii, xix]
52. A figure in the likeness of a child and the visage

<sup>1</sup> Lined through: "47. Sir Percivale enters a ship covered within and without with white samite."

was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread. [xvii, xx]

53. "Knights marvellous."

54. Sir Galahad "As the flower of the lily, as the flower of the rose, and as the colour of fire." [xvii, xviii]

55. "When the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things." [xvii, xxii]

56. Lancelot returns to Guenevere—"and forgot the promise and the profession that he made in the quest. There had no knight passed him in the Quest of the Sancgreall, but ever his thoughts were privily upon the queen. [xviii, i]

57. She forbids him the court, thinking his love has slackened. [xviii, ii]

58. Sir Pinell at a feast given by Guenevere tries to<sup>1</sup> poison Sir Gawaine with an apple, because he killed Sir Lamoracke,<sup>2</sup> which Sir Patrice eats and dies. Sir Mador de la Port appeals the queen of his cousin's<sup>3</sup> death. Sir L. rescues her. [xviii, iii, vii]

59. On the day Arthur made Lancelot knight, through hastiness he lost his sword, and the queen found it and lapped it in her train and gave it him. And therefore at that day he promised her ever to be her knight in right or wrong. [xviii, vii]

<sup>1</sup> "given by Guenevere tries to" above the line; "poisons" altered to "poison."

<sup>2</sup> "because . . . Sir. Lamoracke" above the line.

<sup>3</sup> Above the line.

60. Astolat is Guildford. Elaine la Blanche the fair maid of Astolat. Lancelot wears her red<sup>1</sup> sleeve on his helm<sup>2</sup> at the tournament. And he used another shield, leaving his with her as too well known. Guenevere is incensed. Elaine waits on him while he lies sick of his wounds got at the tournament. She offers herself to Lancelot, is rejected, and dies for his love. Is rowed in a barge to Westminster where the court is. [xviii, viii-xx]
61. Said of<sup>3</sup> Q. Guenevere—"While she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." [xviii, xxv]
62. The Queen's knights bore plain white shields. [xix, i]
63. Sir Meliagraunce, loving the queen, captures her as she rides a-Maying, and overcomes her knights, and emprisons her at Lambeth. She contrives to send word to Lancelot who on reaching Lambeth has his horse shot but not killed<sup>4</sup> by his archers lying in ambush. He kills a carter and takes his cart, the horse following stuck full of arrows, and another carter driving. At the queen's request he pardons Sir Meliagraunce, and is called Le Chevalier du Chariot. Sir L. sleeps with the queen, and hurts his hand in getting through her window to do so. Sir M. sees

<sup>1</sup> Above the line.<sup>3</sup> "Said of" above the line.<sup>2</sup> "on his helm" above the line.<sup>4</sup> "but not killed" above the line.

his blood on her pillow and accuses her of sleeping with one of her wounded knights who are lying hard by. Sir L. wagers battle with him, and is afterwards dropped down a trap. A lady who brings him food loves and delivers him. He is again in time to rescue the queen from burning and kill Sir M. [xix, ii-ix]

64. Sir Lancelot heals Sir Urre by prayer and laying on of hands, after King Arthur had failed as well as many other knights. "And ever Sir Lancelot wept as he had been a child that had been beaten." [xix, xii]
65. Sir Lancelot rode in a chariot 12 months to brave those who put him to ridicule and did great deeds therein. [xix, viii]
66. Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred tell King Arthur of L and G's love, and waylay him with twelve other knights in her chamber. "But whether they were abed or at other manner of disports, me list not thereof to make mention, for love at that time was not as it is nowadays." Lancelot slays all except Mordred. Mordred insists on Guenevere being burnt. She is brought to the stake at Caerleyll, and Sir Lancelot and his knights rescue her, dispoiled unto her smock, and cast a kirtle and gown on her, and carry her off to his Castle of Joyous-Gard. [xx, ii, iii, viii]
67. King Arthur besieges Joyous-gard for 16 weeks. [xx, x]
68. Sir Lancelot denies that the queen has played



Arthur false, "howbeit it hath liked her good grace to have me in charity and to cherish me more than any other knight." [xx, xi]

69. The Pope sends a bull commanding Arthur to raise the siege and take back Guenevere to Caerleyll. [xx, xiii, xiv]
70. Lancelot is banished through Sir Gawaine's advice (whose brothers Gareth and Gaheris he had slain unadvisedly in rescuing Guenevere) and leaves Joyous-gard; and afterward he called it Dolorous-gard. [xx, xvii]
71. He ships at Cardiff and goes to Benwicke in France, his father's kingdom; some men call it Beyon, (Bayonne) and some men call it Beaune, whereas the wine of Beaune is. [xx, xviii]
72. Arthur follows and besieges Benwicke, leaving Sir Mordred regent in England and Q Guenevere in his care. The siege lasts half a year. [xx, xix]
73. Mordred has himself crowned at Canterbury, then goes to Winchester (Camelot) and tells Guenevere she must wed him. She pretends to consent, but escapes to the Tower of London and is there besieged by Mordred. [xx, i]
74. Arthur hears of this and lands at Dover where Mordred meets him to<sup>1</sup> let his landing. A battle ensues, and Gawaine is killed, being wounded afresh where Lancelot had lately wounded him. [xx, ii]

<sup>1</sup> "fight it out" lined through.

75. They go down to meet in battle at Salisbury, but afterwards a peace is proposed, and both sides agree to it, but each privily resolves to set on if a single sword is drawn for fear of treason. An adder appearing, a knight of Arthur's<sup>1</sup> draws his sword to kill it, and Mordred's party set on and commence the final battle in which Arthur and Mordred slay each other. [xxi, iii, iv]
76. The Queens who took King Arthur away after death were Morgan le Fay his sister; the queen of Northgalis; the Queen of the Waste Lands; and Nimue the chief lady of the Lake. [xxi, vi]
77. Guenevere goes to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and wore white clothes and black. [xxi, vii]
78. Lancelot returns to England and goes to see Guenevere in the nunnery of which she is abbess. She says: I require and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was between us two, that thou never look me more in the visage. . . . For as well as I have loved thee, Sir Lancelot, now my heart will not once serve me to see thee; for through me and thee is the flower of kings and knights destroyed." Lancelot says he shall enter a monastery; "for I take record of God in you have I had mine earthly joy. Wherefore, madame, I pray you kiss me once and never more." "Nay, said the queen,

<sup>1</sup> "of Arthur's" above the line.

“that shall I never do, but abstain you from such things.” And so they departed. But there was never so hard a hearted man but he would have wept to see the sorrow that they made; for there was a lamentation as though they had been stungen with spears, and many times they swooned, and the ladies bare the queen to her chamber. And Sir Lancelot awoke and<sup>1</sup> went and took his horse and rode all that day and all that night in a forest weeping. He comes to a hermitage where he finds the bishop of Canterbury who has become a hermit and Sir Bedivere who has joined him. Sir B. tells Sir L. of the last battle etc. And Sir Lancelot threw abroad his armour and said,—Alas! who may trust this world? Then he takes the habit of priesthood.  
[xxi, viii-x]

79. A vision comes 3 times in a night<sup>2</sup> to Sir L. and bids him go to Almesbury where he will find Guenevere dead. [xxi, x]
80. And when Sir Lancelot was come to Almsbury, within the nunnery, Queen Guenevere died but half an hour before; and the ladies told Sir L. that Q. G. had told all, or she died, that Sir L. had been priest near 12 months, “and hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse, and beside my lord King Arthur he shall bury me.” Wherefore the Queen said in hearing of them

<sup>1</sup> “rode all” lined through.

<sup>2</sup> “3 times in a night” above the line.

- all, "I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Lancelot with my worldly eyes." "And this," said all the ladies, "was ever her prayer all those 2 days until she was dead." Then Sir Lancelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed; and so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirge at night and the mass on the morrow. [xxi, xi]
81. She is borne by<sup>1</sup> Sir L. and his fellows who have become priests to Glastonbury and there buried with Arthur. "Truly" said Sir L. "I trust I do not displease God, for he knoweth well mine intent, for my sorrow was not nor is not for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have an end, when I remember and call to mind her beauty her bounty and her nobleness." [xxi, xi]
82. Lancelot falls sick. "My fair lords," said Sir L. "wit ye well my careful body will into the earth: I have warning more than I will now say." He dies and is buried at Joyous-gard. [xxi, xii]
83. Sir Ector who has been seeking his brother Sir Lancelot, arrives during the funeral rites. And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him. "Ah Sir Lancelot!" said he, "thou wert head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say," said Sir Ector, "that, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou that wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the curteist knight that ever bare

<sup>1</sup> "King" lined through.

shield; and thou wast the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.” [xxi, xiii]

ROSE MARY<sup>1</sup>

[12] Closely locked, they clung without speech,  
And the mirrored souls shook each to each,  
As the cloud-moon and the water-moon  
Shake face to face when the dim stars swoon  
In stormy bowers of the night's mid-noon.

They swayed together, shuddering sore,  
Till the mother's heart could bear no more.  
'Twas death to feel her own breast shake  
Even to the very throb and ache  
Of the burdened heart she still must break.

All *her sobs ceased suddenly*,  
And she sat straight up but scarce could see.  
"O daughter, where should my speech begin?  
Your heart held fast its *secret sin*:  
How think you, child, that I read therein?"

<sup>1</sup> Here follow, on parallel pages, the latter portion of Rossetti's prose sketch for 'Rose Mary' and the portions of the finished poem which correspond. See Note Book IV, 8, pp. 46 ff., above.

## CARTOON FOR 'ROSE MARY'

Their embrace lasted until the mother felt unable to embrace longer the creature to whom she still must give so much pain. Then suddenly her sobs ceased, and giving one long kiss to her daughter, she held her tightly still, but away from herself, and said: "You spoke but now of wedding music. How if the bridegroom came home again but sought you not and said not a word?" And Rose Mary looked in wonder and said: I know his heart, and I would say that he was troubled and overwearied, and that he would not see me till his eyes could make mine happy. But the mother said, "What if his hands and lips were cold when you clasped and kissed them?" And Rose Mary answered, "I know his heart; and I would say that the wind was chill, and that it was a sweet talk for my hands and lips to warm them." Then the mother: "But what if you asked him of your wedding-day and he never answered?" And Rose Mary said: [over 'answered,'] "But mother, his heart is mine; and I should know then for certain that he meant me a sweet surprise, and that the music

[15] "Ah me! but I *thought* not *how* it came  
When your words showed that you knew my shame:  
And now that you call me still your own,  
I half forget you have ever known.  
*Did you read my heart in the Beryl-stone?"*

The lady answered her mournfully:—  
"*The Beryl-stone* has no voice for *me*:  
But when you charged its power to show  
The truth which none but the *pure* may know,  
Did naught speak once of a coming woe?"

Her hand was close to her daughter's heart,  
And it felt the life-blood's sudden start:  
A quick deep breath did the damsel draw,  
*Like* the struck fawn in the oakenshaw:  
"*O mother,*" she cried, "*but still I saw!*"

[18] "O child, my child, why held you apart  
*From my great love your hidden heart?*  
Said I not that all *sin must chase*  
From the spell's sphere *the spirits* of grace,  
And yield their rule to *the evil* race?

"Ah! would to God I had clearly told  
How strong those powers, accurst of old:  
Their heart is the ruined house of lies;  
O girl, they can seal the sinful eyes,  
*Or show the truth by contraries!*"



and the garlands were at the door and would meet my eyes ere I could ask again. But wherefore do you speak thus?" Then her mother was silent as not knowing what to say again, till she clasped her yet more closely and asked once more: "How think you, poor daughter, that I know your secret and your sin?" And Rose Mary said: "Alas! I never thought how you knew, when your words showed me that so it was: and now your love makes me forget again that you know. Did you learn it by the Beryl Stone?" But the mother said: "The Beryl Stone speaks not to me. But had you no fears, daughter, knowing your own heart, when [*'you so' lined through*] last you sought its counsel which the pure alone may claim, and no fears since for the truth of its showing?" Then Rose Mary started like a stricken fawn; and she said, "O mother, but still I saw!" And the mother: "Ah daughter, why hide you your heart from my great love? Alas! I would have told you that sin in the seer must chase away the good spirits of the Beryl, and the evil ones that took their place might either show nought to you or show the truth by con-

The daughter sat as cold as a stone,  
And *spoke* no word but gazed alone,  
*Nor moved*, though her mother strove a space  
To clasp her round in a close embrace,  
Because she dared not see her face.

- [21] "Oh!" at last did the mother cry,  
"Be sure, as he loved you, so will I!  
Ah! still and dumb is the bride, I trow;  
*But cold* and stark as the winter snow  
*Is the bridegroom's* heart, laid dead below!

"*Daughter*, daughter, remember you  
That cloud in the hills by *Holycleugh*?  
'Twas a Hell-screen hiding truth away:  
*There, not i' the vale*, the ambush lay,  
*And thence* was the dead borne home to-day."

- [25] In the hair dark-waved the face lay white  
As the moon lies in the lap of night;  
And as night through which no moon may dart  
Lies on a pool in the woods apart,  
So lay the swoon on the weary heart.

The lady felt for the bosom's stir,  
And wildly kissed and called on her;  
Then turned away with a quick footfall,  
And slid the *secret* door in the wall,  
And clomb the strait stair's interval.

There above in the *altar-cell*  
A little fountain rose and fell;  
She set a *flask* to the water's flow,  
And, backward hurrying, *sprinkled* now  
The still cold breast and *the pallid* brow.

traries." Then Rose Mary neither spoke nor moved: and her mother kissed her many times and said: "O daughter, believe that a love no less than his is still with you: but oh! more cold and mute than you are now is the new bridegroom who has come home to-day. O daughter, the mist you saw on the road to Holycleugh was no mist but a veil of error and deceit: there and not in the valley the danger lurked, and thence has your dead love been borne home today." But while she still spoke, Rose Mary swooned. Her mother wrung her hands and called to her in vain: then, going without the chamber door, she opened a secret panel, and hurrying to the altar chamber, returned with a flask from which she sprinkled the pallid face and hands. Soon there

- [28] Scarce cheek that warmed or breath on the air,  
Yet something told that *life* was there.  
“Ah! not with the heart the body dies!”  
The lady moaned in a bitter wise;  
Then *wrung her hands* and *hid her eyes*.  
  
“Alas! and *how* may *I* meet again  
In the same poor eyes the selfsame pain?  
What *help* can I seek, such grief to guide?  
Ah! one alone might avail,” she cried,—  
“The priest *who prays at the dead man’s* side.”  
  
The lady arose, and sped down all  
The winding *stairs to the castle-hall*.  
Long-known valley and wood and stream,  
As the loopholes passed, naught else did seem  
Than the torn threads of a broken dream.
- [31] The hall was full of the castle-folk;  
The women wept, but the men scarce spoke.  
As the lady crossed the rush-strewn floor,  
The throng fell backward, murmuring sore,  
And pressed outside round the open door.
- [35] As the lady’s hurried step drew near,  
The kneeling priest looked up to her.  
“Father, death is a grievous thing;  
But oh! the woe has a sharper sting  
That craves by me your ministering.  
  
“Alas for the child that should have wed  
This noble knight here lying dead!  
Dead in hope, with all blessed boon  
Of love thus rent from her heart ere noon,  
I left her laid in a heavy *swoon*.

came some first signs of returning life: and then the mother stood up and hid her eyes, saying: "O how shall I bear to meet her glance when she wakes? O for some help to wrestle with this terrible hour! I will seek the priest who prays by the dead man, and he shall aid me to soothe her anguish." With that she ran down the castle stair to the hall where the dead man still lay as he had been brought in, with the priest praying beside him, while the scared retainers of the house crowded in but stood aloof from the body. The priest rose on seeing her, and giving her a packet, told her that it had been found next the slain man's heart.<sup>1</sup> The lady took it and said to him: "Father, she knows the worst now. I beseech of you, go seek her in my chamber, where she lies not yet recovered from a swoon; and when she

<sup>1</sup> Observe the improvement here: in the poem the lady discovers the packet later, stanza 43.

"O haste to the open bower-*chamber*  
 That's topmost as you mount the stair:  
*Seek her*, father, ere yet she wake;  
 Your words, not mine, be the first to slake  
 This poor heart's fire, for Christ's sweet sake!

- [38] "God speed!" she said as the priest passed through,  
 "And I *ere long will be with you.*"

Then low on the hearth her knees sank prone;  
 She signed all folk from the threshold-stone,  
 And *gazed in the* dead man's face alone.

- [43] "*Thy shrift*, alas! *thou* wast not to win;  
*But may death* shrive *thy soul* herein!  
 Full well do I know thy love should be  
 Even yet—had life but stayed with thee—  
 Our honour's strong security."

She stooped, and said with a sob's low stir,—  
 "*Peace be* thine,—*but what peace* for *her*?"  
 But ere to the brow her lips were press'd,  
 She marked, half-hid in the riven vest,  
 A packet close to the dead man's breast.

- [47] She gazed on the thing with piteous eyne:—  
 "*Alas, poor child, some pledge of thine!*  
 Ah me! in this troth the hearts were twain,  
 And one hath ebb'd to this crimson stain,  
 And when shall the other throb again?"

*She opened the packet* heedfully;  
 The blood was stiff, and it scarce might be.  
 She *found* but a *folded paper* there,  
 And *round it*, *twined* with tenderest care,  
 A long bright tress of *golden hair*.

can hear you, speak to her of Heaven and comfort before I come again. I will be with you ere long, but it may be well that only such words as yours should first meet her ears." The priest hastened away; and then the lady, bidding all others withdraw, knelt [*over* 'sat'] down by the head of the corpse, and gazed long in the face, saying: "Sorely didst thou wrong my child and me [and alas! by her unwitting means [*over* 'word'] has God's will brought her to death. Thy]<sup>2</sup> Yet had thy life stayed with thee, I doubt not thy loving heart would have redeemed her honour and thine own. [Thy shrift thou hast never won; but may death assoil thy soul for sin!]<sup>2</sup> Peace be with thee; but what with her?" As she was about to kiss the brow of the corpse, her eyes fell on the papers that she still held in her hand, and she said,—“Ah poor child, doubtless here is some pledge of thine.” She opened the packet, and found a lock of golden hair twined round a [*over* 'some'] folded

<sup>2</sup> Added in margin.

- [50] She loosed the tress, but *her hand* did shake  
 As though indeed she had touched a snake;  
 And next she undid the paper's fold,  
 But that too *trembled* in her hold,  
 And the sense scarce grasped the tale it told.

"My heart's sweet lord," ('t was *thus she read*),

"At length our love is garlanded.

*At Holy Cross*, within eight days' space,  
*I seek my shrift*; and the time and place  
 Shall fit thee too for thy soul's good grace.

"*From Holycleugh* on the seventh day

*My brother rides*, and bides away:

And long or e'er he is back, mine own,

Afar where the face of fear's unknown

*We shall be safe with our love alone.*

- [54] She read it twice, with a brain in thrall,  
 And then its echo told her all.  
 O'er brows low-fall'n her hands she drew:—  
 "O God!" she said, as her hands fell too,—  
 "*The Warden's sister of Holycleugh!*"

*She rose* upright with a long low moan,

And stared in the dead man's face new-known.

Had it lived indeed? She scarce could tell:

'Twas a cloud where fiends had come to dwell,—

A mask that hung on the gate of Hell.

She lifted *the lock* of gleaming hair

And *smote the lips* and left it there.

"Here's gold that Hell shall take for thy toll!

Full well hath *thy treason* found its goal,

O *thou dead body* and damnèd soul!"



paper. Her hand trembled, and she said: "This is none of my child's dark tresses!" And opening the paper hastily, she read thus:—"Come to me, my love, three days hence at Holy Cross. I will go thither as for a shrift, and do thou likewise. My brother rides from Holycleugh the day before, and will not return till we are safe with our love alone where he cannot reach us." As she finished reading, she closed her eyes and seemed nigh to swoon; then she dropped her hands murmuring, "The Warden's sister of Holycleugh!" But anon with a long moan she rose to her feet. "O God!" she said, "O God! and was it for this? Well hast thou paid thy treason, thou dead body and soul!" And as she spoke, she smote

[57] She turned, sore dazed, for a voice was near,  
 And she knew that some one called to her.  
 On many a column fair and tall  
 A high court *ran round* the castle-hall;  
 And thence it was that *the priest* did call.

"I sought your child where you bade me go,  
 And in rooms around and rooms below;  
 But where, alas! may the maiden be?  
 Fear nought,—we shall find her speedily,—  
 But *come*, come hither, and *seek* with me."

. . . . .

### PART III

[1] A *swoon* that breaks is the whelming wave  
 When help comes late but still can save.  
 With all blind throes is the instant rife,—  
 Hurtling clangour and clouds at strife,—  
 The breath of death, but the kiss of life.

The night lay deep on *Rose Mary's* heart,  
 For her swoon was death's kind counterpart:  
 The dawn broke dim on *Rose Mary's* soul,—  
 No hill-crown's heavenly aureole,  
 But a wild gleam on a shaken shoal.

[10] With toiling breath *she rose* from the floor  
 And dragged her steps to an open *door*:  
 'Twas *the secret* panel standing wide,  
 As the lady's hand had let it bide  
 In *hastening* back to her daughter's side.

the face of the corpse with the [long]<sup>1</sup> lock of golden hair, and left it lying across the pale lips. At the same instant the priest called to her from the gallery that ran round the hall, bidding her come quickly, for her daughter was gone from the chamber where he had sought her, and they must now seek her together.

### PART III

Rose Mary, on being left alone by her mother, had ere long recovered from her swoon. As she rose to her feet, all the agony of the past hour rushed back confusedly on her soul, and she looked round for her mother, and doubted if it might not be a dream. She staggered towards the chamber door, hardly knowing what she did, but calling wildly on her mother and her lover to come to her. Beyond the chamber door, the secret door in the wall still stood

<sup>1</sup> Added above the line.

She passed, but reeled with a dizzy brain  
 And smote *the door* which closed again.  
 She stood within by the darkling *stair*,  
 But her feet might mount more freely there,—  
 'Twas the open light most blinded her.

[20] From *the altar-cloth* a *book* rose spread  
 And tapers *burned* at the altar-head;  
 And there in the altar-midst alone,  
 'Twixt wings of a sculptured beast unknown,  
 Rose Mary saw the *Beryl-stone*.

[29] O'er *the altar-sides* on either hand  
*There hung* a dinted *helm* and brand:  
 By strength thereof, 'neath the Sacred Sign,  
 That bitter gift o'er the salt sea-brine  
*Her father* brought from *Palestine*.

Rose Mary moved with a stern accord  
 And reached her hand to her father's *sword*;  
 Nor did she stir her gaze one whit  
 From the thing whereon her brows were knit;  
 But gazing still, she *spoke* to it.

"O ye, three times *accurst*," she said,  
 "By whom this stone is tenanted!  
 Lo! here ye came by a *strong* sin's might;  
 Yet a sinner's *hand* that's *weak* to smite  
 Shall *send* you *hence* ere the day be night.

[34] Then deep she breathed, with a tender moan:—  
 "*My love*, my lord, my only one!  
*Even as* I held the cursed clue,  
 When thee, through me, these foul ones slew,—  
 By mine own deed shall they slay me too!

open, having been left so in haste by her mother when she sought the restoratives. She made her way up the dim staircase, still half unconscious and uttering broken cries and moans, till at the summit she found herself in the little altar-chamber. On the altar, between the burning lamps and before an open book, stood the Beryl stone on a silver tripod. Then all rushed back clearly on her mind, and she shrank as from the sight of a serpent. Above the altar there hung against the wall the helmet and sword which her father had worn in Palestine when he fought there and won the talisman. Then suddenly she took down the sword, and spoke to the Beryl-stone saying: "O ye accursed spirits! strong was the hand that brought ye hither, yet shall a weak hand suffice to send ye hence. Now, my true love, even as they have slain thee, so God send they may take my life

"Even while *they speed to Hell*, my love,  
 Two hearts shall meet *in Heaven* above.  
 Our shrift thou sought'st, but might'st not bring:  
 And oh! for me 't is a blessed thing  
 To work hereby our ransoming.

- [38] Three steps back from her Foe she trod:—  
 "Love, for thy sake! In Thy Name, O God!"  
 In the fair white hands small strength was shown;  
 Yet *the blade* flashed high and the edge fell prone,  
 And she *cleft* the heart of *the Beryl-stone*.

What living flesh in the thunder-cloud  
 Hath sat and felt heaven cry aloud?  
 Or known how the levin's pulse may beat?  
 Or wrapped the hour when the whirlwinds meet  
 About its breast for a windling-sheet?

Who hath crouched at the world's deep heart  
 While the earthquake rends its loins apart?  
 Or walked far under the seething main  
 While overhead the heavens ordain  
 The tempest-towers of the hurricane?

- [41] Who hath seen or what ear hath heard  
 The secret things unregistr'd  
 Of the place where all is past and done,  
 And *tears and laughter* sound as one  
 In Hell's unhallowed unison?

Nay, is it writ how the fiends despair  
 In earth and *water and fire* and air?  
 Even so no mortal tongue may tell  
 How to *the clang of the sword* that fell  
 The echoes shook the altar-cell.

also; and as they speed to Hell I shall see thy face in Heaven; for by the grace of God, surely our sin shall be thus [*over* 'is'] atoned!" Then heaving up the sword with both hands, she brought the blade down on the Beryl-stone and cleft it asunder. The clang of the falling sword was answered by a deafening shock [*over* 'sound'], as if ['all the' *lined through*] earth and sky met together, with wind and rain, with the rush of fire and water, with the voice of laughter

When all was still on the air again  
 The Beryl-stone lay *cleft* in twain;  
 The veil was rent from the riven dome;  
 And every wind that's winged to roam  
 Might have the ruined place for home.

- [45] And lo! *on the ground Rose Mary lay*,  
 With a cold brow like the snows ere May,  
 With a cold breast like the earth till Spring,  
 With such a smile as the June days bring  
 When the year grows warm for harvesting.

The death she had won might leave no trace  
 On the soft sweet form and gentle face:  
 In a gracious sleep she seemed to lie;  
 And over her head *her hand* on high  
 Held fast *the sword* she triumphed by.

'Twas *then a clear voice said in the room*:—  
 "Behold the end of the heavy doom.  
 O *come*,—for thy bitter love's sake blest;  
 By a sweet path now thou journeyest,  
 And I will lead thee to thy rest.

- [48] "*Me thy sin* by Heaven's sore ban  
 Did *chase* erewhile *from the talisman*:  
 But *to* my heart, as a conquered home,  
 In glory of strength thy footsteps *come*  
 Who hast thus cast forth *my foes* therefrom.

"*Already thy heart* remembereth  
 No more his name thou sought'st *in death*:  
 For under all deeps, all heights above,—  
 So wide the gulf in the midst thereof,—  
 Are *Hell of Treason* and *Heaven of Love*.



and tears. And when it ceased, Rose Mary lay upon the ground pale and dead, but with no mark of death upon her, and with the sword still in her hand. Then a voice said in the room: "Come with me, sweet soul, and I will bring thee to thy rest. Me thy sin chased from the talisman, and to me thou comest in pardon, who hast chased my foes from it again. Already has thy heart forgotten its hope in death, for the heaven

"Thee, *true soul*, shall thy truth prefer  
To blessed *Mary's rose-bower*:  
Warmed and lit is thy place afar  
With guerdon-fires of the sweet Love-star  
Where hearts of steadfast lovers are:—

[51] "*Though naught for the poor corpse* lying here  
Remain to-day *but* the cold white bier,  
But burial-chaunt and bended knee,  
But *sighs and tears* that heaviest be,  
*But rent rose-flower and rosemary.*"

of pity is far from the hell of treason. Thy place,  
true soul, is in Mary's rose-bower with all smiles and  
kisses of love; though for thee, poor corpse, nought is  
left but loving sighs and tears, but rent rose-flowers  
and rose mary."



## INDEX



# INDEX

- Allingham, William, 31; *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to*, 32
- Ashley Library, Catalogue of, 8, 11, 17, 20, 32, 38, 42, 73
- Bancroft manuscripts, 76
- Bell, Mackenzie, 20
- Brown, Ford Madox, 7
- Browning, Robert, 29 f.; *Fine at the Fair*, 30; *My Last Duchess*, 29 f.
- Buchanan, Robert, 36, 39, 74
- Caine, (Sir) Hall, 8
- English Review, The*, 20, 22
- Gilchrist, Alexander, 9
- Malory, *Morte Darthur*, 41 f.
- Marchbank, W., 21 f.
- Modern Language Notes*, 76
- Morris, William, 47
- Morris, Mrs. William, 32, 36
- Pall Mall Magazine*, 8
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel,  
*After the German Subjugation of Italy*, 17  
*Afterwards*, 15  
*Ardour and Memory*, 36, 72 ff.  
*At Issue*, 15 f.  
*At the Station of the Versailles Railway*, 12 f.  
*Ave*, 10  
*Birth-Bond, The*, 35  
*Blessed Damozel, The*, 10, 30, 33  
*Blood's Winter, The*, 61 f.  
*Bloom in Hope's Garden, A*, 58 f.  
*Bride's Prelude, The*, 26, 40 f., 43  
*Change, A*, 16  
Chatterton, Note on, 8  
*Chimes*, 37, 41, 45 f.  
*Cloud before the Storm, The*, 62 f.  
*Commandments*, see *Soothsay*  
*Concentred Companionship*, 56
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (*Continued*)  
*Cup of Water, The*, 41, 75  
*Dante at Verona*, 30  
*Death-Parting, A*, 46  
*Dis Manibus*, 12, 39  
*Doom of the Sirens, The*, 10, 41  
*Dutchman's Pipe, The*, see *Jan Van Hunks*  
*Early Italian Poets, The*, 9  
*End of It, The*, 11  
Fragment, 5  
*From Ghent to Bruges*, 12 f.  
*Fruit from Hope's Garden*, 59  
*Germ, The*, 12  
*God's Graal*, Notes for, 41 ff., 79 ff.; Rime Words, for, 41, 78 f.  
*Gracious Moonlight*, 72, 76  
*Happy and Thankful*, 64 f.  
*Heart's Hope*, 45  
*Height in Depth*, 15  
*Her Heaven*, 73 f.  
*Hotch Potch*, 30 f.  
*House of Life, The*, 14, 28, 35 f., 39, 45, 48, 72 f., 75 f.  
*How Sir Lancelot was Made a Knight*, 49  
*In the Train, and at Versailles*, 12 f.  
*Italian Sonnets*, 7 f., 53 f.  
*Jan Van Hunks*, 17 ff.  
*Jenny*, 30 f.  
*Joan of Arc*, 12  
Keats, Epitaph for, 10 f.  
*King's Tragedy, The*, 26, 39  
*Known in Vain*, 35  
*La Pia*, 26  
*Last Confession, A*, 30  
*Last Love*, 41, 45

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (*Continued*)

- Long Road, but with an End*, A, 57  
*Love Philtre, The*, 48  
*Mater Pulchrae Delectionis*, 10  
*Michael Scott's Wooing*, 48, 72  
*My Lady*, 41, 43  
*My Sister's Sleep*, 10  
*Nearest of Kindred*, 35  
*Note Book I*, 25 f.; II, 26 ff.; III, 38 ff., 72 ff.; IV, 41 ff.  
*On a Handful of French Money*, 12 f.  
*On an Allegorical Dance of Nymphs*, 12 f.  
*On Mary's Portrait*, 26 ff., 67 ff.  
*On One Condition*, 61  
*One Dark Shade, The*, 65  
*One of Time's Riddles*, 16  
*One with Two Shadows*, 57 f.  
*Orchard Pit, The*, 41, 43 f.  
*Palimpsest, The*, 37, 41  
*Philtre, The*, 48  
*Portrait, The*, 26 ff.  
*Possession*, 41  
*Prayer, A*, 6 f.  
*Proserpine*, 9 f.  
*Raleigh*, 26  
*Roderick and Rosalba*, 3  
*Roman de la Rose*, Translation from, 6  
*Rose Mary*, 41, 46 ff., 96 ff.  
*Sacrament Hymn*, 8  
*Saint Agnes of Intercession*, 33 ff.  
*Sea Limits, The*, 42  
*Silent Noon*, 36  
*Sin of Detection, The*, 15  
*Sir Peter Paul Rubens*, 12 f.  
*Song and Music, A*, 5 f.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (*Continued*)

- Songs of the Art Catholic*, 10  
*Soothsay*, 26, 38 f., 73, 77 f.  
*Soul Singing, A*, 63 f.  
*Soul's Sphere, The*, 36, 75  
*Steel's Temper that is Cold, The*, 60  
*Stream's Secret, The*, 28, 42  
*Threefold Homage*, 17, 66  
*Through Death to Life*, 15 f.  
*To Mary, in Summer*, 11, 54 ff.  
*Transfigured Life*, 48  
*Translations*, 6 f.  
*Travel Sonnets*, 12 ff.  
*Trees of the Garden, The*, 36, 72 f.  
*True Woman*, 39, 73  
*Unburied Death*, 15  
*White Ship, The*, 41, 43 f.  
*William and Marie*, 3 ff.  
*Without Her*, 76  
*World's Doing, The*, 16  
Rossetti, Mrs. D. G., 26, 30 f., 33  
Rossetti, Gabriel, 4, 33 f.  
Rossetti, William Michael, 10, 14, 18, 21, 26 f., 29 ff., 38, 41, 47; *Letters and Memoir*, 19, 30; *Rossetti as Designer and Writer*, 18, 30; *Some Scraps*, 8, 10, 12  
Scott, William Bell, *Autobiographical Notes*, 10  
Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, 34  
Stillman, Marie, 36  
Swinburne, A. C., 11, 32, 42  
*Times Literary Supplement, The*, 20 f.  
*Tristram Shandy*, 34  
Watts-Dunton, Theodore, 8, 19 ff.  
Wilding, Alexa, 32  
Wise, T. J., 8, 11, 17, 20 ff., 38, 73











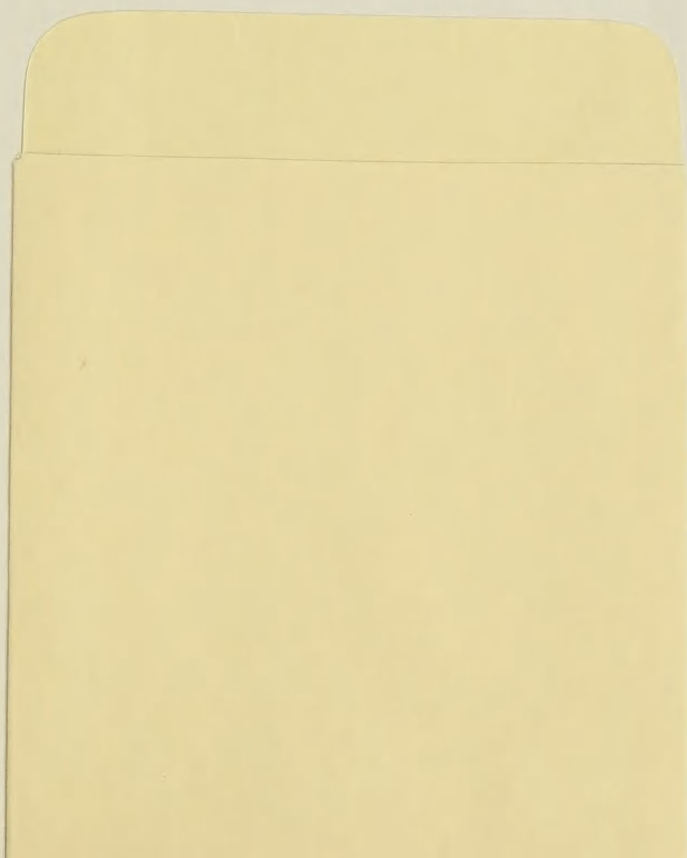












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